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SIDE-WALK STUDIES

MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

FROM J. FABER'S MEZZOTINT AFTER E. HAYTLEY.

SIDE-WALK STUDIES

BY

AUSTIN DOBSON

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1902

CHISWICK PRESS : CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
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TO

JOHN WADDON MARTYN

(1884-1901).

PREFATORY NOTE.

The name of 'Side-Walk Studies' has been chosen for these papers, not because it accurately describes them as a whole, but because, besides supplying a general title, it fairly indicates the remoteness of the majority from the glitter and bustle of the more-frequented promenades of letters. With this explanation, they are commended to what the 'Vader Cats' of their final pages would call the 'Goetgunstige Leser.'

Thanks are due to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., Mr. George Allen, and the proprietors of the 'National Review,' the 'Cornhill Magazine,' the 'Library,' and the 'Magazine of Art,' for permission to reprint. It should be added that a portion of 'Dear Mrs. Delany' appeared in the 'Daily Chronicle,' and is here reproduced with the consent of the Editor.

Austin Dobson.

August, 1902.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MRS. WOFFINGTON. From J. Faber's mezzotint (1751) after E. Haytley . . . *Frontispiece*

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE (now Messrs. Waller and Baines'). From a sketch made by Mr. Edward Thornton in 1894[1] *to face page* 155

A MAP OF THE THAMES FROM FULHAM TO CHISWICK . . . . *to face page* 233

HOGARTH'S HOUSE AT CHISWICK. From a photograph taken in 1900 by Mr. Cyril C. Dobson *to face page* 247

[1] This sketch appeared in the 'Daily Graphic,' and is here reproduced, by permission, from the original drawing.

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MRS. WOFFINGTON.

THE readers of Walton's eloquent life of Donne will remember in what strange guise the great Dean of St. Paul's caused his last likeness to be drawn. Wrapped in a winding sheet 'tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed, as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrouded and put into the grave, . . . with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale and death-like face'—he was depicted by 'a choice Painter'; and was thus afterwards carved in stone on the monument which stands in the south-east aisle of St. Paul's. The history of Art has seldom to record such unshrinking departures from the orthodox half and three-quarter lengths, looking to left or right, which people our galleries. But in the national collection at St. Martin's Place is a portrait which, in some measure, deviates as frankly from the conventional; and yet belongs to an epoch far less imaginative than that of Donne. It represents a figure in a bed, the

curtain of which is turned back. The head only is visible, and wears a small lace cap drawn closely round the face, which is that of a handsome middle-aged woman, apparently in failing health. The hair, which shows underneath the cap, is dark; so are the eyes. There is a faint smile at the corner of the lips; and a curious indefinable impression is conveyed to the spectator that the head alone is alive, or, in other words, that the body to which it belongs has lost the power of motion. This impression is correct. The painting, which is by Roubillac's friend Arthur Pond, depicts the once famous actress, Margaret, or 'Peg' Woffington, the incomparable Millamant and Modish, the unrivalled Wildair, of the Georgian stage;—the accomplished and majestic Monimia, Calista, Roxana, Palmira of a crowd of stately and sonorous old-world tragedies. It was executed about 1758, soon after its subject had been suddenly struck down by paralysis, and had definitely retired from Covent Garden Theatre. From a biographical point of view, Mrs. Woffington's fate has been curious. She has been made (as one of her critics has said) the heroine of a romance which is more than half a memoir: she has been made the heroine of a memoir which is more than half a romance. The

function of the following pages is more practical, since they pretend to do no more than recapitulate the leading incidents of Margaret Woffington's career as they have been ascertained by her most recent biographers. Among these, in particular, must be mentioned the late Augustin Daly, whose sumptuous privately printed volume [1] collects and embodies, with the patience of a specialist and the loyalty of an enthusiast, all the known circumstances of the actress's life.

II.

At some time between 1718 and 1728—for it does not seem practicable to fix the date exactly —a certain Madame Violante was in the habit of providing entertainment to those of the Dublin play-goers for whom the two established theatres in Aungier Street and Smock Alley had ceased to afford any adequate attraction. A Frenchwoman with an Italian name, Madame Violante was by profession a tumbler and tight-rope dancer, and had built a booth at the back of a house fronting upon Fownes's Court, and close to College Green. Here, among other daring feats by herself and

[1] 'Woffington: A Tribute to the Actress and the Woman,' New York, 1888.

company, she was accustomed, as a crowning exploit, to traverse the high rope with two baskets, each containing a child, suspended to her feet. That this sensational exhibition—perhaps far less dangerous than it seemed—was attended by accident, is not recorded. But history, discreet as to the identity of one of the small occupants of the baskets, has disclosed that of the other. Her name was Margaret Woffington; and she was the elder daughter of a journeyman bricklayer, then dead, and of a living mother, who took in washing. When, by familiarity, Madame Violante's periculous performance had lost its interest, she left Dublin for other towns; and the dark-eyed child who had been wont to swing beneath her, returned home once more to cry 'halfpenny salads' about the streets, or to fetch water from the Liffey for her mother, now keeping a small huckster's shop in the poorest part of Ormond Quay. The young gentlemen from College Green patronised the tiny water-cress merchant with the bright eyes and apt answers; and by the time the whirligig of Madame Violante's wanderings had brought her round once more to the Irish capital, little Woffington was growing into a graceful girl. This, from what follows, must have been in 1729. For it was just at the

period when London had gone 'horn mad' over the exceptional success of John Gay's audacious 'Beggar's Opera.' One of the collateral developments of that success was the representation of the piece by children;[1] and Madame Violante, quick to shoot the flying folly, promptly organised a Lilliputian *troupe* for the Irish market. Little Peg Woffington was cast for Polly; and soon distanced all her juvenile—one might almost say infantile—rivals, not only by her native precocity, but by the positive charm of her acting. Her supremacy in this way was the more remarkable, because the energetic Frenchwoman seems to have been unusually fortunate in securing clever children for her performers. Several of her pupils subsequently became distinguished either on the Irish or the English boards. Her Peachum was a boy who grew into the more than respectable

[1] 'The Town having been disappointed of the *Sequel* to the *Beggar's Opera* [*i.e.*, 'Polly'], which is said to be suppressed for *Reasons of State*, Mr. RICH hath had the Address to convert the *first Part* of it into a *new Entertainment*, by procuring a Sett of *Lilliputian Comedians*, who have already acted it, for several Nights, with universal Applause, and are thought to do it with as much Spirit and Grace, as any of the *Brobdignaggian Companies*, which have performed it this Year past, with such unparall'd [*sic*] Success' ('Craftsman,' January 11, 1728-9).

comedian, Isaac Sparks; John Barrington was her Filch; and Betty Barnes (afterwards Mrs. Martin), her miniature Macheath. To these Mr. Daly adds, as Lockit, the solemn and highly-dignified Bensley; but here there must be some misconception, for Bensley was not born. The success which these small players obtained had curious results. The Smock Alley company of grown-ups, jealous of their youthful competitors, procured from the Mayor an order to close Madame Violante's establishment, upon the pretence that it was injurious to their own less popular efforts. Thereupon the Dublin people, with the opportune aid of the Earl of Meath, incontinently subscribed for the erection of a special theatre in Rainsford Street, beyond the pale of His Worship's jurisdiction; and here the Lilliputians entered upon a fresh career of prosperity.[1]

For the Polly of the Violante *troupe* these things were not without their profit. She was

[1] History (especially stage history) repeats itself; and this conflict between Smock Alley and Rainsford Street recalls that earlier struggle, referred to in 'Hamlet,' between Shakespeare's Company at the Globe and the Children of the Chapel—the 'little eyases, that cry out on the top of question'—at the Blackfriars Theatre.

far too young to marry a Duke as did her London rival, Lavinia Fenton; but by and by the managers of the Aungier Street house, certain clever brothers of the name of Elrington, began to take notice of the good-looking girl, to give her the run of the theatre, and to aid her generally in qualifying for what, to all appearance, was to be her special vocation in life. Madame Violante, too, continued to instruct her young friend, who was soon playing hoyden and other parts. From Madame Violante it must also have been that Peg Woffington acquired her excellent knowledge of French; and no doubt the discipline of the French acrobat helped to improve and develop a figure that even in its unkempt infancy had been remarkable for its grace and symmetry. We next hear of her in connection with a play, a scene of which, perpetuated by Frank Hayman's brush, long decorated one of the old supper-boxes at Vauxhall. This was 'The Devil to Pay; or, the Wives Metamorphosed' of Charles Coffey, a deformed Dublin schoolmaster, who had already produced a ballad-opera in imitation of Gay. He had followed this up in 1731 by the above-mentioned piece, in which another excellent actress and later rival of Miss Woffington, Catherine Clive (then Miss Raftor) had made her first real

hit at Drury Lane. The Dublin exponent of Nell, the Cobbler's wife, was Peg Woffington; and her rendering of the part was entirely satisfactory both to the public and the author, who is said to have declared that she had done as much to make the character as he had. What was more, he persuaded the elder Elrington to take her into the Aungier Street company. The manager was nothing loth, and on the 12th February, 1734, Peg Woffington made her first appearance at the Dublin Theatre Royal in the part of Ophelia.

At this time, if the date of her birth be correctly given as 18th October, 1718, she was fifteen, and probably wore a costume in which she looked as absurd, to our eyes, as Iphigenia in the hoop of Madame de Genlis. She is affirmed to have been well-grown and tall; and from her earliest picture, should already have been notably handsome. Bricklayer's daughter though she was, she had an inborn distinction of her own which the Dublin ladies thought original enough to copy. Her arms—said Mrs. Delany in later life—were 'a little ungainly'; but she seems to have really possessed the long tapering fingers, which, when hands were carefully painted in from models, recur so persistently in eighteenth-cen-

tury portraits. She had splendid dark eyes, under well-marked brows, and an arch expression heightened by her powderless hair, and the lace cap or flat garden hat, with which, from her numerous portraits, she knew how to set off the *grata protervitas* of her beauty. That her voice was rather hard and unpleasing, seems to be admitted; but, as she succeeded in ballad-opera, she must have contrived, in some way, to disguise its defects. In her busy progress from the Violante booth to the Aungier Street boards, she could scarcely, one would think, have found much time for cultivation; but she had somehow acquired a taste in dress, which, combined with an uninherited fine-lady air and an instinctive dexterity in the use of a fan, sufficed to make her a fashion with the women. The men, too, discovered that the young actress from the little shop at Ormond Quay was more than their match at repartee; and further, that although she was habitually good-humoured, she was also thoroughly capable of making herself respected. Lastly, she was genuinely devoted to her profession, scrupulously loyal to her business engagements, and an irreproachable daughter to the homely mother to whom she dutifully transferred her theatrical earnings.

The change to the Aungier Street house, however, did not materially increase these, which Madame Violante had already raised to the then magnificent stipend of thirty shillings a week, the exact sum Rich had thought enough for Lavinia Fenton. But the young comedian gained largely in experience; and the perfect unconsciousness of her own good looks, to which Murphy bears testimony, made improvement easier, for it did not prevent her from undertaking parts such as Mrs. Peachum and Mother Midnight—assumptions which must have involved considerable personal disfigurement. From the Theatre Royal, after some temporary disagreement with Elrington, she went back to Rainsford Street, then occupied by a new company. But about 1738, she was again in the Theatre Royal. The little part of Sylvia in the 'Recruiting Officer' had revealed to her the seductions of a masculine disguise; and in April of the year above mentioned, she performed for the first time the *rôle* with which, in the minds of many, she is mainly associated—that of Sir Harry Wildair in the 'Constant Couple' of Farquhar. The 'Constant Couple,' although witnessed by the blushing heroines of Miss Burney, is not a performance calculated to commend itself, in these days, to any but those

who have accepted and absorbed Lamb's ingenious plea for the artificial comedy of the last century; and even during Mrs. Woffington's lifetime, there were not wanting those among her fervent admirers who regretted that so attractive an actress should have made choice of a 'breeches part' for her most popular impersonation. Yet of her success as the Fantasio of the Augustan Age there can be no manner of doubt. Not only did she rival the first admirable creator of the character, Robert Wilkes, but she fairly drove Garrick himself from the field. Borrowing something from the author, and adding something to that essentially her own, she produced an 'altogether' of verve, piquancy, and vivacity, which, acquiring its finishing touch from the fact that she was a woman, rendered her absolutely irresistible to her audience. That, as Boaden affirms, she actually succeeded in making Farquhar's lively rake 'not only gay but innocent' is incredible; but she never had a serious competitor during her lifetime, and managers invariably found 'Mrs. Woffington as Sir Harry Wildair' a charm to conjure with. It was as Sir Harry that Hogarth painted one of his many portraits of her. This belonged to Mr. Daly, and renders full justice to a pair of magnificent eyes which, when animated,

must have been as eloquent as Garrick's. At the Club which bears Garrick's name, is another likeness of her by Hogarth, a full length representing her upon a couch in ordinary costume. This is the likeness which Lamb described as 'dallying and dangerous.'[1] The Garrick Club has also pictures of Mrs. Woffington by Eckhardt, Mercier, and Benjamin Wilson, none of which, excepting the Eckhardt, seems to have been reproduced.

III.

After her successful appearance as Sir Harry Wildair, history, without much trustworthy detail, but with a liberal allowance of decorative legend, transports Mrs. Woffington to England. Whatever were her reasons for leaving Dublin, —and, in all probability, they may be simply epitomised in the statement that she sought to better herself,—it is clear that in 1740 she was seeking employment in London. With con-

[1] 'London Magazine,' October, 1822 (vol. vi. 349). It was then 'at Mr. Mathews's gallery at Highgate,' *i.e.* Ivy Cottage, the residence of Charles Mathews (the elder).

siderable difficulty she obtained access to the all-powerful John Rich, then manager of Covent Garden, who, from his later account to Reynolds, would appear to have been completely conquered by the 'amalgamated Calypso, Circe, and Armida' who invaded his sanctuary. 'She was as majestic as Juno,' he declared, 'as lovely as Venus, and as fresh and charming as Hebe.' Eventually, Rich gave his visitor an engagement, and on the 6th November, 1740, Miss (speedily altered in the bills to Mrs.) Woffington made her appearance at Covent Garden as Farquhar's Sylvia, with Theophilus Cibber as Captain Brazen. After Sylvia, she played Lady Sadlife in the 'Double Gallant,' and Aura (another part involving male costume) in Charles Johnson's 'Country Lasses.' Lastly, 'by particular desire,' she took the town by storm as Sir Harry Wildair, which had never before been acted in London by a woman; and it was at once admitted that, since the death of Wilkes, it had never been acted so well. 'No more,' wrote an enthusiastic votary of Thespis and Prior:

> 'No more the Theatre I seek
> But when I'm promised there to find you;
> All HORTON's merits now grow weak,
> And CLIVE remains far, far behind you.

'Tis thus the polished Pebble plays
And gains awhile some vulgar praises,
But soon withdraws its feeble rays
When the superior Diamond blazes.'

The second stanza shows the writer to be an imitator rather than a rival of the author of the inimitable verses 'To a Child of Quality.' But there can be no doubt that the young actress from Aungier Street not only eclipsed the beautiful Christiana Horton, but obscured the new-risen star of Catherine Clive. Before the close of the season, Mrs. Woffington had appeared in six or seven parts, including those of Phyllis in Steele's 'Conscious Lovers' (with its delightful window-cleaning scene), and of the all-popular Cherry in the 'Beaux' Stratagem.' Finally, for the benefit of Chetwood the prompter, then languishing in the King's Bench prison, she played Lætitia in the 'Old Batchelor' to the Fondlewife of her lifelong admirer, the veteran Colley Cibber, whose famous 'Apology' was unhappily some months old, or he might have included in its pages a pen-sketch of his new colleague, fully equal to the admirable vignette which he draws of Mrs. Verbruggen as that 'finish'd Impertinent' Melantha, in Dryden's 'Marriage à-la-Mode.' By this date, Mrs. Woffington's position was

secured; but, although she was too conscientious an artist to be a failure in anything, it was the novelty of the *rôles* of Sylvia (in the red coat and hat *bien troussé* of Captain Pinch), and of Sir Harry Wildair that most attracted her audience. In this, her first season, she performed the latter part no fewer than twenty times—a considerable test of its popularity—and always to crowded houses. It is true that Walpole styles her 'a bad actress,' and his friend Conway 'an impudent Irish-faced girl.' But this was probably for the pleasure of being in a superfine minority, since both testify to her extraordinary popularity. Walpole says she is 'much in vogue'; Conway that 'all the town is in love with her.'

On the 19th of May the season came to an end, and with it ended Mrs. Woffington's engagement to Rich. Why that usually astute personage permitted her to leave him is unexplained, but in the ensuing September she was acting Sylvia at Drury Lane. This she followed up by Lady Brute in the 'Provoked Wife,' and she also appeared in more than one of Shakespeare's comedies, notably as Rosalind in 'As You Like It,' when the Celia was Mrs. Clive, and the Touchstone, Macklin. She showed her kindness of heart by tenderly nursing one of her sick col-

leagues, William Millward, and when he died, she played for his widow and children. But the event of this time was the growth of her acquaintance with Garrick, who, after his successful entry into the profession in October, 1741, had been invited by Fleetwood to Drury Lane. There can be no question that from the first he was impressed by the charm and vivacity of the beautiful young Irishwoman, and it is also certain that she fully appreciated the supreme genius of the equally youthful actor (he was then but twenty-six, and only two years older than herself) who, at a bound, had risen to the kingship of the English stage. On Garrick's side, admiration prompted some of those metrical tributes which he produced with such facility on all occasions, and his verses to 'Sylvia' and 'Lovely Peggy,' are still to be read in the 'London' and other contemporary magazines.

'Were she arrayed in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon mine oaten reed
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All 's happy when she 's in my sight,
But when she's gone 'tis endless night—
All 's dark without my Peggy.'

He acted Lear to his Peggy's Cordelia at Drury Lane on the 28th May, 1742; and in the following June they were both at Dublin, playing in the new theatre which had taken the place of the Smock Alley building, and to which they had been hastily summoned by the manager, Duval, in order to counteract the rival attractions of Quin and Mrs. Cibber at the Theatre Royal. As might be expected, they carried all before them. Mrs. Woffington as Silvia, Mr. Garrick as Captain Plume; Mrs. Woffington as Lady Anne, Mr. Garrick as 'crook'd back'd Richard,'—were allurements to which Mrs. Cibber as Indiana and Quin as Young Bevil (in the 'Conscious Lovers') could make no effectual reply. So crowded indeed were the houses, and so sultry the season, as actually to bring about a kind of epidemic which Dublin playgoers christened the 'Garrick fever.'

At Dublin Mrs. Woffington definitely added to her repertory what was later to be one of her most successful parts, that of Lady Betty Modish in the 'Careless Husband.' While Garrick hurried back to London with Mrs. Cibber, she remained in Ireland to arrange for the education abroad of her younger sister, Mary, and also to select a suitable retreat for her mother, whom O'Keeffe remembered years afterwards as a re-

spectable old lady in a velvet cloak, with a diamond ring and an agate snuff-box, going the round of the Roman Catholic chapels, and chatting with her neighbours, no doubt upon the favourite topic of her famous daughter. Not long after Mrs. Woffington returned to London, she set up that curious joint establishment with Macklin and Garrick, and then with Garrick alone, which has exercised so many pens. The triple alliance was at Macklin's, No. 6, Bow Street, Covent Garden (which, by the way, had been built by the original Wildair, Wilkes); the dual association, in Southampton Street, Strand. Garrick was to play the part of paymaster; the lady was to act as hostess. But Garrick's conception of his *rôle* is alleged to have been mean, not to say miserly; Mrs. Woffington, on the contrary, was over profuse. 'She made the tea too strong,' said Johnson to Mr. Scott, recalling those days; and Roscius grumbled at her wastefulness.[1] Relating the story to Reynolds, the Doctor added a further detail to Garrick's grievance. 'It [the tea] was as red as blood,'—he protested. Nevertheless, the combined

[1] Possibly—like Isopel Berners in 'Lavengro'—Mrs. Woffington was fond of the best. In this case, it is only fair to Garrick to remember that, *circa* 1740, the best tea cost about 24*s.* the lb.

arrangement lasted for a considerable period; and, at one time (says report), even bade fair to ripen into a more permanent bond. But which, in this connection, was '*l'un qui baise*,' and which '*l'autre qui tend la joue*,' is, at this date, difficult to affirm; and an impartial critic may perhaps be pardoned for wondering whether, on the gentleman's side, at all events, disinterested affection formed as important an element as identity of aim and ambition. If, as Murphy and others maintain, the wedding-day was actually fixed, nothing would be more likely than that, as the ineluctable hour approached, his native prudence should become more urgent in reminding Garrick that a lady whose hospitality was lavish, and whose admirers were legion, was not precisely the person to promise or promote a cloudless domesticity. His passion must have cooled appreciably as he thought of these things, and his doubts grew darker in proportion. At last he spoke out. He was wearing the shirt of Deianira—he ruefully confessed. Whereupon Mrs. Woffington (who had a fine spirit of her own) at once begged him to put off that classical but uncomfortable garment, and never to see her more, 'except in the course of professional business, or in the presence of a third person.' The gifts which had been

exchanged between them were sent back; but Gossip, already maliciously preoccupied with the great actor's petty weaknesses, asserts that he could not bring himself to part with a pair of diamond shoe-buckles which had been one of the lady's *gages d'amour*. A year or two later he married Mlle. Eva Maria Violette. Lady Burlington's *protégée* had no claim to be compared in charm or talent with her husband's first—or, more probably, his earlier—love; but she worshipped her 'Davy,' alive and dead, with a persistent devotion which Garrick could scarcely have hoped from the brilliant but varying and very mutable Mrs. Woffington.

During her connection with Garrick, Peg Woffington continued to act at Drury Lane. The records speak of her successes as Lady Townly in the 'Provoked Husband;' as Portia; as Mrs. Ford (there is a charming picture of her by E. Haytley in this character[1]); as Millamant in the 'Way of the World'; as Mrs. Frail in 'Love for Love.' Nor did she confine herself to impersonations which were morally or physically attractive. She played Lady Pliant in the 'Double

[1] See the copy of J. Faber's mezzotint which forms the frontispiece to this volume.

Dealer;' she played Mrs. Day in Howard's 'Committee,' not scrupling in this latter part, says Tom Davies of Russell Street, 'to disguise her beautiful countenance, by drawing on it the lines of deformity, and the wrinkles of old age; and to put on the tawdry habiliments and vulgar manners of an old hypocritical city vixen.' One of her rivals at the theatre even at this time was Mrs. Clive, and little love appears to have been lost between these queens of the green-room. 'No two women of high rank ever hated one another more unreservedly,' says the honest chronicler above quoted. '. . . Woffington was well-bred, seemingly very calm, and at all times mistress of herself. Clive was frank, open, and impetuous; what came uppermost in her mind, she spoke without reserve: the other blunted the sharp speeches of Clive by her apparently civil, but keen and sarcastic replies; thus she often threw Clive off her guard by an arch severity which the warmth of the other could not parry.' That she was 'at all times mistress of herself,' is, however, to say too much, since once when 'Henry the Fourth' was being played, these animosities culminated in an actual combat, in which admirers on either side freely engaged, to the huge joy of the caricaturists, who commemorated the fray in

a plate called 'The Green Room Scuffle.' After the rupture with Garrick, strained relations with that now powerful personage were added to Mrs. Woffington's other tribulations, although fortunately he was not always acting at Drury Lane. But when, in 1747, he became co-patentee of that theatre with Lacy, and reinforced the ranks of its leading ladies by importing Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard from Covent Garden, the situation became too difficult to maintain with dignity. Consequently, on the 15th April, 1748, Mrs. Woffington took her leave of Drury Lane as Phyllis in Steele's 'Conscious Lovers,' and started for Paris to investigate the methods of the Théâtre Français, and more particularly the tragic method of that most accomplished tragic actress, Mlle. Marie-Françoise Dumesnil, then or but recently promoted from soubrette parts to the more important *rôle* of *mère*. To Mlle. Dumesnil, Garrick later gave the praise, so often applied to himself, of being, and not acting, the character assumed. But Gibbon, who had seen her frequently, was less enthusiastic. He preferred the 'consummate art' of her rival, Mlle. Clairon.

When, after a prolonged vacation, Mrs. Woffington returned from the French capital, she betook herself to Covent Garden and to her old

manager Rich, playing, in addition to her comedy parts, a good many fresh tragic characters, in which she showed the not entirely salutary influence of her studies in the French School. One of these was Anne Oldfield's famous *rôle* of Andromache in the 'Distressed Mother.' Another was Veturia in the 'Coriolanus' of Thomson. But although she had escaped the Clive, Pritchard and Cibber coalition at the other house, she found at Covent Garden a fresh antagonist in the person of Dodsley's Cleone, the beautiful and blue-eyed George Ann Bellamy, a rival as aggravating as, and far more mischievous than, any member of the elder trio. The record of the sumptuary feud that presently arose between Mrs. Bellamy and Mrs. Woffington recalls, in some of its details, Steele's pleasant story of Brunetta and Phyllis, with the difference that the injured Brunetta (Mrs. Woffington) seems to have gone to the length of personally chastising her malicious competitor. Fortunately Mrs. Bellamy was speedily abducted by one of her numerous admirers, and for a time Mrs. Woffington reigned at Covent Garden without dispute. Then, unhappily, Mrs. Cibber returned from Drury Lane, and discord began once more under a manager who, unlike Garrick, was entirely without the art of con-

trolling those extremely 'kittle cattle,' tragedy queens.

> 'He umpire sat,
> And by decision more embroil'd the fray,'—

quotes Tom Davies from the neglected pages of 'Paradise Lost.' But we may turn from these dissensions to one of the few authentic anecdotes which help to eke out a picture of Mrs. Woffington. Once, when Rich had angered her by his tactlessness, she refused point-blank to act as a substitute for the always-ailing Mrs. Cibber; and, as ill-luck would have it, the displeasure of the audience fell entirely upon her own devoted head. When she appeared as Lady Jane Grey they showed it. 'Whoever,' says Tate Wilkinson, 'is living, and saw her that night will own that they never beheld any figure half so beautiful since. Her anger gave a glow to her complexion, and even added lustre to her charming eyes. They treated her very rudely, bade her ask pardon, and threw orange peels. She behaved with great resolution, and treated their rudeness with glorious contempt. She left the stage, was called for, and with infinite persuasion was prevailed on to return. However, she did, walked forward, and told them she was there ready and willing to per-

form her character if they chose to permit her; that the decision was *theirs—on* or *off*, just as they pleased, a matter of indifference to her.' The 'ons' had it, continues the narrator, 'and all went smoothly afterwards.' But the last words are exact only as far as that particular evening was concerned, for in short space Mrs. Woffington quitted Covent Garden, and went back to her native island.

Henceforth her career may be more rapidly summarised. When she arrived at Dublin she was without an engagement. But at this time the Smock Alley Theatre was in the hands of Sheridan's father, whose leading lady was the Mrs. Bland to whom Lamb refers in 'Old China.' Sheridan was easily persuaded to enlist the services of Mrs. Woffington, and to inaugurate a success for himself. This was apparently the most popular period of Mrs. Woffington's life, for her performance of no more than four parts, Lady Townly, Maria, Hermione, and Sir Harry Wildair, brought the Smock Alley House four thousand pounds, a larger sum than any theatre had previously gained with stock pieces. Other parts which she played were Cleopatra, Lady Betty Modish, Rosalind, Hypolita, Jane Shore, and Phyllis, certainly a very varied list. She was excellent in all; but

in the comedy and fine-lady parts she was supreme. Never was such a Modish, such a Townly! With her Irish compatriots her popularity was unbounded, and in an evil hour it was crowned by her election to the Presidentship of Sheridan's Beef Steak Club, an association which he had modelled on the London association with a similar title, then some fifteen years old. Nothing could persuade the public, however, but that Sheridan's project had a concealed political significance. This belief they transferred to the Smock Alley performances and investing certain lines in Voltaire's 'Mahomet' with a veiled reference to the Court party, proceeded to raise a riot and wreck the house. Mrs. Woffington's persuasive powers were invoked, but without effect. Sheridan's enterprise came to an untimely end, and Mrs. Woffington returned to London, where she still had admirers more steadfast and more phlegmatic than her excitable fellow-countrymen. On the 22nd October, 1754, she was again playing at Covent Garden in one of her old parts, that of Maria in 'The Nonjuror.'

IV.

As must have been gathered from the opening pages of this paper, Margaret Woffington had begun her theatrical career betimes. When she made her *début* in Madame Violante's basket (an incident upon which the conscientious biographer will not insist too strongly), she can have been little more than a baby. When she played Polly Peachum she was ten or eleven; she was fifteen when she appeared as Ophelia at the Aungier Street Theatre. Untiring in her devotion to her profession, she had also lived the full life of an energetic and emotional nature, and by the time she had reached her thirty-eighth year it was manifest that, although her enthusiasm remained unabated, her exuberant vitality was becoming exhausted. She acted Celia in the 'Humorous Lieutenant;' she acted the Queen in 'Richard III.;' she essayed, not successfully, Garrick's famous part of Lothario in the 'Fair Penitent;' she acted Lady Randolph in a brand-new tragedy which an obscure Mr. Goldsmith reviewed in the 'Monthly Review'—the deep-mouthed 'Douglas' of that Rev. John Home, in whom dwellers north of the Tweed sought to discover a Scottish Shakespeare. Readers of

'The Virginians' will recall a pleasant chapter in Thackeray's book where the Lambert family with George and Harry Warrington go to Covent Garden to see the Presbyterian gentleman's masterpiece. But although Miss Theodosia's soft heart is touched by Mrs. Woffington's 'beauty and acting,' the author of the novel is true to tradition in abstaining from putting her praises into the mouth of any critical member of the little party. She created the character of Lady Randolph, it is true, but it was not one of her successes.

It had been upon her own benefit, March 24th, 1757, that she had played Lothario. A few weeks later, she had made her last appearance. Tate Wilkinson, an eye-witness upon this occasion, has described in his 'Memoirs' what took place, in words which it is needless to paraphrase. On May 3rd, 'As You Like It' was being given for the benefit of some of the inferior actors. 'I was standing near the wing'—says Wilkinson—'as Mrs. Woffington in Rosalind, and Mrs. Vincent in Celia, were going on the stage in the first act. . . . She [Mrs. Woffington] went through Rosalind for four acts without my perceiving she was in the least disordered, but in the fifth act she complained of great indisposition. I offered her my arm, the which she graciously accepted.

I thought she looked softened in her behaviour, and had less of the *hauteur* [Wilkinson had been unlucky enough to incur her displeasure]. When she came off at the quick change of dress, she again complained of being ill; but got accoutred, and returned to finish the part, and pronounced in the Epilogue Speech, "If it be true that good wine needs no bush—it is as true that a good play needs no epilogue," etc., etc. But when arrived at "If I were among you I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me," her voice broke, she faltered, endeavoured to go on, but could not proceed—then in a voice of tremor screamed, O God! O God! [and] tottered to the stage door speechless, where she was caught. The audience of course applauded till she was out of sight, and then sank into awful looks of astonishment, both young and old, before and behind the curtain, to see one of the most handsome women of the age, a favourite principal actress, and who had for several seasons given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of death, in such a situation of time and place. . . ."

She lived on for nearly three years from that fatal night; but never again appeared behind the footlights. The theatrical calling was exposed to

great temptations, she told a young Teddington friend who consulted her as to that profession; and it would be idle to contend that her own life —a life of many *liaisons*—had been either worshipful or blameless. But her days henceforth were passed quietly and decorously in her house by the Thames (Teddington Place, now Udney Hall), where she had for companion a Mrs. Barrington, widow of the John Barrington who, as a boy, had acted with her in the 'Beggar's Opera' at Dublin. During this period she is said to have come under the influence of Wesley; but, as Mr. Daly has pointed out, she had a clerical relative in the Hon. Mr. Cholmondeley, her sister Mary's husband, who had quitted the army to enter the Church, and who is just as likely to have turned her thoughts in serious directions, if her own calamity had not been sufficient to do so. In any case, even when she partially recovered, she neither sought to renew her old triumphs nor to revisit the scene of them. On the contrary, she is said to have occupied herself in charitable offices, and in knitting stockings which she distributed periodically to the Teddington poor. She died at last, on the 28th March, 1760, at a house in Queen Square, Westminster (no doubt that of her sister), where she

was staying, and she was buried in the graveyard of the little patchwork parish church of St. Mary at Teddington, whose then incumbent was the 'plain Parson Hales' of Pope, a rigourist who still compelled his erring parishioners to do public penance for their misdeeds. The actual site of her tomb is unknown; but a tablet now on the north wall of the chancel, at the back of the reading-desk, records the interment 'near this Monument,' of 'Margaret Woffington, Spinster.' Probably this memorial was erected by Mrs. Cholmondeley, since it includes an inscription to one of her own children, who had died some time before. Mrs. Woffington's property, when due provision had been made for an annuity of £40 to her mother, went to Mrs. Cholmondeley, and amounted to four thousand pounds. John O'Keeffe, the dramatist, who was living at Teddington in 1794, affirms that she there built and endowed a number of almshouses. But Lysons, writing a few years later, says nothing of these; nor is there any mention of them in the Parliamentary Report of 1824 on the Charities of Middlesex. Meanwhile—for the better comfort or picturesque tradition—at the east end of the High Street, next the post-office and near the Church, there exists to this day a low range of old-

fashioned, wistaria-clad dwellings, with dormer windows, and tiny front-gardens, which continue to be known to the neighbourhood and the local directory as 'Margaret Woffington's Cottages.'

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

IT is a precept of Aristotle—and how it 'would have puzzled that stout Stagirite' to think he was wanted for a paper on St. James's Park! —it is a precept of Aristotle his 'Ethics' that a subject should be first outlined generally, and then filled in with detail. Such a course is especially desirable in the present instance, since it is not the St. James's Park that is, but the St. James's Park that was, which forms the theme. It is not the undulating and umbrageous landscape-garden of the Victorian era, with its elaborate boskage and symmetric flower-knots, but the plainer and less pretentious pleasure-ground which presented itself to the eyes of Queen Anne and the Georges:—the place where Swift walked to get thin and Prior walked to get fat; where Captain Booth met Colonel James and Goldsmith gallanted his 'Cousin Hannah'; where the beautiful Gunnings were mobbed; where Samuel Johnson loitered on his way to the library at Buckingham House, and Samuel Richardson perambulated the

Mall in search of the mysterious 'Mrs. Belfour.' Compared with the St. James's Park of to-day it was rather more extensive, since it stretched over the site of the Wellington Barracks almost as far as York Street; and, towards the western end of the Bird-Cage Walk, boasted a capacious pond which was not filled up until late in the century. In place of the existing ornamental water, it was traversed from end to end by a wide canal, which, starting from a point a little to the south of the building preceding Buckingham Palace, terminated not very far from the present Treasury. To the south-east of this was the old Decoy which M. André Le Nôtre is traditionally supposed to have contrived for Charles II., and which figures so frequently in the pages of Pepys and Evelyn. This would seem to have been a far more intricate affair than the *selva oscura* which now shelters the loves of the sheldrake and the Egyptian goose;[1] but its exact appearance is not very

[1] In 1901, by some freak of the elective affinities, the ruddy sheldrake contracted an alliance with the Egyptian goose, and the pair might be seen convoying their offspring about the ornamental water in St. James's Park. 'The sheldrake,' said a contemporary journal, 'allowed no feathered thing to approach within ten feet of his family, and even the Russian and Canadian geese, treble his size, gave him the right of way.'

easy to realise from the still existent plans, except by those topographers who are expert enough

> 'to hold a fire in hand
> By thinking on the frosty Caucasus.'

The Mall, on the contrary, which, as now, stretched from the Palace to Spring Gardens, must have been much the same as it is to-day. For the rest, there were walks, more or less gravelled, between rows of elm and lime; there were ducks in the Pond and Canal; and there were red deer and red cows about the grass.

Many of the old views or 'prospects' of St. James's Park depict it from Buckingham House; and with Buckingham House we may begin. It stood, in part, upon the site of that ancient Mulberry Garden where, according to a time-honoured tradition from which it is needless to infer a scandal, John Dryden was discovered, not in his native '*Norwich* drugget,' but 'advanced to a sword, and chadreux wig,' eating tarts with Madam Reeve, the actress.[1] This accident of the house's situation is perpetuated in Dr. King's 'Art of Cookery':

> 'A Princely Palace on that Space does rise,
> Where *Sidley's* noble Muse found Mulberries'—

[1] 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 1745, p. 99.

the allusion being, of course, to Sedley's once-popular comedy. The 'Princely Palace,' which really seems to have been a more attractive building than that substituted for it by Nash in 1825, was raised in 1703 by Dryden's patron, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the author of the 'Essay on Satire,' who has saved trouble by describing it himself in a letter, duly included in his works,[1] which he wrote to the Duke of Shrewsbury. 'The Avenues to this house,' he says, 'are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly Elms on one hand, and gay, flourishing Limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying between them.' Inside the palisade, behind a square court with the regulation fountain and Tritons, the ground rose gradually to the house, a central building with side-wings linked to it by pillared corridors. Upon the front facing the Park was the not-inappropriate motto, *Sic siti lætantur Lares*. On the south was *Spectator fastidiosus sibi molestus* (which seems to have been subsequently borrowed for the Grand Walk at Vauxhall); to the north,

[1] 'The Works of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby, and Duke of Buckingham.' Fourth Edition, 1753, ii. 218-226.

Lentè suscipe, citò perfice; and at the back, overlooking the garden, *Rus in urbe.* Inside was a magnificent hall, paved with white and dark marble, and decorated with pictures 'done in the school of Raphael.' There was also a stately staircase, 'each step of one entire *Portland*-stone,' the walls of which were painted with the story (judiciously abridged) of Dido, 'whom,' says the Duke, 'though the Poet was oblig'd to despatch away mournfully in order to make room for LAVINIA, the better-natured Painter has brought no farther than to that fatal Cave, where the Lovers appear just entring, and languishing with desire.' Pictures seem to have abounded: the Parlour was decorated by Ricci, the *Salon* by Horatio Gentileschi, who, in a design 'eighteen foot in diameter,' had represented the 'Muses playing in consort to APOLLO, lying along on a cloud to hear them.' From the 'smooth mill'd lead' [1]

[1] Upon this 'smooth mill'd lead,' there hangs a tale. Sheffield, a bad paymaster, would not pay his architect, Captain William Winde. Thereupon Winde decoyed the Duke upon the leads to enjoy the view. Locking the trap-door, he threw the key to the ground, declaring that he was a ruined man, and must fling himself over if his Grace would not give his word of honour to settle his claims. 'And what is to become of me?' said Sheffield. 'You shall come along with me,' was the reply. The

of the roof you could command a prospect of London and Westminster, with the parks and a great deal of Surrey, while immediately behind you was the delightful garden of the house, with its canal and terraces, its parterres and 'water-works' and covered arbours, its greenhouses, its bath, and its walks for cold weather. Best of all, at the end of one of the greenhouses, and in close proximity to 'a little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales,' was a closet of books, which, says their owner, 'besides their being so very near, are ranked in such a method, that by its mark a very *Irish* footman may fetch any book I want.'

The Duke of Buckingham did not long enjoy the mansion he described so fully, for he died in 1721. After his death the Prince and Princess of Wales of that date (later George II. and Queen Caroline) seem to have been in treaty for it. But the Duchess, who was a natural daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley, declined to sell; and left it to Pope's Sporus, John, Lord Hervey, who has related how it was the custom of this eccentric lady of quality to observe the

required promise—it is needless to say—was instantly given. (Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting,' by Dallaway and Wornum, 1888, ii. 175.)

anniversary of King Charles's death by sitting, surrounded by candles and her women, in mourning and a chair of state, in the great drawing-room of Buckingham House, which had been duly draped and darkened for the purpose. Whenever she went to the Continent, adds Walpole, she always 'stopped at Paris, visited the church where lay the unburied body of James,[1] and wept over it,'—a piety, remarks the chronicler, which did not extend to the renewing of her royal father's threadbare velvet pall. Lord Hervey never lived in Buckingham House, which was ultimately purchased in 1761 by George III. for Queen Charlotte, upon whom, a few years later, it was settled by Act of Parliament in lieu of Somerset House. From a paragraph in the 'London Chronicle,' it appears that their Majesties took up residence in May, 1762, when it was announced that the house would henceforward be known as the Queen's Palace, and Buckingham Gate as the Queen's Gate. In January, 1763, another paragraph records that orders had been given for building a new Library.

This must have been the identical suite of apartments in which, four years later, Dr. John-

[1] The English Benedictine Church of St. Edmund, in the Faubourg St. Jacques.

son had the famous interview with George III. which plays so prominent a part in Boswell's pages—an interview, let us add, conducted with the greatest discretion on both sides. 'His Most Sacred Majesty' (as Boswell styles him in his pamphlet) endeavoured to urge the doctor 'to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labours.' 'I do not think you borrow much from anybody,' he was polite enough to say. To which Johnson made answer (one can imagine his measured and deferential sonority) that 'he thought he had already done his part as a writer.' 'I should have thought so too,' rejoined the King, 'if you had not written so well.' The little compliment was worthy of the *Roi-Soleil*, to whom, in fact, its gratified recipient afterwards compared King George. 'Sir,' he said to Bennet Langton, 'his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second.' Whether Johnson did much in the formation of the new library is not clear, as his well-known letter to the librarian, Mr. F. A. Barnard, who had brought about the above interview, is dated in May, 1768. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, no doubt, rightly conjectures that this letter (which Barnard for some obscure reason would not allow

Boswell to print) was written to be shown to the King.[1]

Among the attractions of the Georgian park-goers must be numbered what were popularly known as the 'Queen's animals.' These were an elephant (or elephants), and a beautiful but unamiable female zebra, which some one had presented to her Majesty. 'I have seen the Park,' writes Winifred Jenkins in 'Humphry Clinker,' 'and the paleass of Saint Gimses, and the king's and the queen's magisterial pursing, and the sweet young princes, and the hillyfents, and pye-bald ass.' Lady Mary Coke, in January, 1767, also speaks of going 'with a great party to see the Queen's Elephants,' and these curiosities are

[1] According to a visitor in March, 1767, the library, the books of which were said to be 'the best collection anywhere to be met with,' consisted of three rooms, two oblong and an octagon. The King occupied the ground-floor, which was 'rather neatly elegant than profusely ornamental.' Queen Charlotte, on the contrary, rejoiced in pictures (including the Raphael cartoons from Hampton Court), miniatures, Dresden china, 'innumerable knick-knacks' on her toilet, and quantities of flowers even in March. By her bed was 'an elegant case with twenty-five watches, all highly adorned with jewels.'—'Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys,' 1899, pp. 116-117.

mentioned in the 'Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers':

> 'In some fair island will we turn to grass
> (With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.'

The zebra, of which there is a 'sculpture' in the 'London Magazine' for July, 1762, usually grazed in a paddock near Buckingham House, where it was the object of much popular curiosity, and the pretext for several scurrilous lampoons. Where the elephant (or elephants) had harbourage we have not discovered; but, like other favourites of fortune, both zebra and pachyderms fell ultimately upon evil days. From a letter of Mason to Walpole in June, 1773, it seems that, after belonging to Queen Charlotte 'full ten years,' the unfortunate zebra was sold to a travelling exhibition or menagerie, where in April of the same year she died. Her sorrowing proprietor had her stuffed, consoling himself (as per advertisement in the 'York Courant') that she was 'as well if not better now than when alive, as she was so vicious as not to suffer any stranger to come near her,' whereas, he added, 'the curious may now have a close inspection—which could not be obtained before.' When this was written, the deceased quadruped was being exhibited at

the Blue Boar at York in company 'with an Oriental tiger, a magnanimous lion, a miraculous porcupine, a beautiful leopard, and a voracious panther,' etc.; but her eventual, if not ultimate resting-place, with an elephant (also stuffed), was in an outhouse of the old Holophusikon or Leverian Museum in Leicester Fields.

As already explained, Buckingham House looked down the Mall, then shaded by four rows of the limes and elms referred to by Buckingham, and, according to the 'Foreigner's Guide,' 'One Thousand Paces in Length.' But it can scarcely have been the dry and convenient promenade with which we are now acquainted. One hears of standing puddles where, in wet weather, ladies lost their shoes;[1] and that ardent pedestrian (on paper), Mr. John Gay, is careful to warn the readers of his 'Trivia' that 'when all the *Mall* in leafy Ruin lies,' they will do well to eschew '*Spanish* or *Morocco* Hide' and equip themselves with 'well-hammered Soles.' Something, of course, was periodically done in the way of maintenance, since an announcement in the 'Gentleman's' for 6th November, 1751, records that the King and the Duke of Cumberland walked in

[1] Sarah Fielding's 'Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple,' 1747, ii. 281.

the 'new gravelled' Mall above an hour, 'to the great joy of the spectators.'[1] In the prints and caricatures of the day you may see these spectators, elegant gentlemen with muffs and bag-wigs and stiff-skirted coats, and graceful ladies with trollopees and Prussian bonnets and the monstrous trains which excited the comments of Goldsmith's 'Cousin Hannah,' reminding that caustic critic of my lord Bantam's Indian sheep, whose heavy tail had to be 'trundled along in a go-cart.' Contemporary records are thick with references to the Mall as a lounge and rallying-place. It is in the Mall that the Political Upholsterer of the 'Tatler' and his companions comb out their ancient campaign-wigs; it is in the Mall that Swift takes a turn with Addison and 'pastoral Phillips'; it is to the Mall that his servant Patrick brings him his letters from Mrs. Johnson; it is in the Mall that Beau Tibbs airs his 'tarnished twist' and shabby finery; it is in the Mall that his Grace of Grafton runs a race with 'well-natured' Garth, which, 'to his immortal glory' (says Lady Mary), the doctor wins. But the veritable literary ghost of the place is surely Samuel Richardson, ostensibly bound for his 'little retirement' at North

[1] It had previously been dug, gravelled, and rolled in 1731. Probably this was done annually.

End, but prowling in reality backwards and forwards, with his footsore daughter Patty and Miss Collier, in search of the yet-unrevealed Lady Bradshaigh, for whom, and for posterity, he describes himself with all the unvarnished particularity of one of Mr. Henry Fielding's Bow Street advertisements. He is short; 'rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints'; wears a fair wig; keeps one hand generally in his bosom, the other grasping a cane under his coat-skirts as a guard against giddiness; is 'about five foot five inches,' 'smoothish faced and ruddy cheeked'; has a gray eye, 'always on the ladies'; looks sometimes 'to be about sixty-five, at other times much younger'; and so forth. 'I passed you,' writes his correspondent later, 'four times last Saturday in the Park; knew you by your own description, at least three hundred yards off, walking in the Park between the trees and the Mall.'[1] At last they become personally acquainted, and the farce is finished.

Stafford House (the Duke of Sutherland's, and the Crecy House of 'Lothair'), standing between St. James's Palace and the Green Park, on what was once the site of the Library of Caroline of

[1] Richardson's 'Correspondence,' 1804, iv. pp. 290, 367.

Ansbach, belongs by its construction to the nineteenth century, and is therefore out of our purview, while the palace itself, as well as Marlborough House, besides being still existent, would occupy too large a part of this paper. But to the east of the last-named structure, and, with its surrounding grounds, extending over all the western site of the present Carlton Gardens, came old Carlton House. This was a red-brick building with wings and a stone entrance, which is alleged to have exactly filled the existing opening between the Duke of York's Column and the foot of Regent Street. Lord Burlington, to whom in 1725 it descended from his uncle, Lord Carleton, is reported to have laid out its spacious garden, with the aid of his friend and factotum, William Kent, upon the model of Pope's at Twickenham; and we have the testimony of Woollett's plan to the fact that it abounded in grottoes and bowers and terminal busts. To these presently, Frederick, Prince of Wales, who bought the place in 1732, promptly added a bowling-green. His widow, the unpopular Princess Dowager, continued to live at Carlton House after her husband's death, and, indeed, died there twenty-one years afterwards, giving to Mr. Oliver Goldsmith his pretext for that 'Threnodia Augus-

talis' which was spoken and sung so successfully at Mrs. Teresa Cornelys' Great Room in Soho Square. Later Carlton House was inhabited by another Prince of Wales, who subsequently became George IV. During this time it was rejuvenated by Holland, the architect, with a brand-new Ionic screen and Corinthian portico, the columns of which latter, when in the last century Carlton House came to be pulled down, were handed over to the unfortunate Wilkins to be worked into the façade of the National Gallery. In Carlton House the First Gentleman in Europe spent his honeymoon night (that worshipful honeymoon to be read of in Malmesbury !); in Carlton House the Princess Charlotte was born; and (to travel for a moment beyond our limits)[1] in its 'Great Crimson Room' she was married to Prince Leopold. It is part of the irony of things that while the palace of the fourth

[1] One lapse brings on another. It may be here recalled that it was from the library of Carlton House, not long before the marriage referred to in the text, that Jane Austen was invited to dedicate 'Emma' to the Prince Regent. That in the same library, about the same time, Walter Scott told the Prince Regent that Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs' had given him the first idea of 'Waverley' is not, according to the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' regarded as equally authentic.

George has gone the way of Troy and the maypole in the Strand, a humble institution which stood almost at its gates should still survive and flourish. This is the so-called Milk Fair at Spring Gardens, not very far from the outlet made by William III. into Cockspur Street, and familiar in the drawings of Morland and Stothard. 'The cows feed on this green turf [of the Park],' says Pastor Charles Moritz in 1782, 'and their milk is sold here on the spot, quite new.' In 1765, the same fact had not escaped the observant M. Pierre Grosley: 'Conformément à cette simplicité [la simplicité champêtre], la plûpart de ces vaches se rendent, à midi & le soir, vers la porte par laquelle le parc communique avec le quartier de Whithall. Attachées, sur une file, à des piquets, au bord du boulingrin le plus près de la porte, elles abreuvent les passans de leur lait, qui, tiré sur la champ, est servi avec toute la proprété Anglaise, à raison d'un sou la tasse.'[1] In 'Tom Brown's' days the place rang with the old musical cries of the milkwomen, 'A can of milk, ladies!' 'A can of red cow's milk, sir!' But, though milk is still sold there, this 'ramage de la ville,' as Will Honey-

[1] 'Londres,' 1770, i. 190-191.

comb called it, is no longer heard, and two only of the stalls have been suffered to remain.

From the Mall to the Canal, which ran almost parallel with it, the transition is easy. Looking westward from the Parade the Canal started from a point nearly opposite the Treasury and terminated a little to the south-east of Buckingham House. It was about six hundred yards long and seventeen wide, and according to the already quoted 'Foreigner's Guide,' was supplied with water by the flowing of the River Thames underground. There were ducks upon it, and, as appears from a famous anecdote, there were also in it carp, which were not allowed to attain the hoar antiquity of those at Fontainebleau and Sans-Souci. 'I looked out of the window,' said his Gracious Majesty King George the First, upon his arrival at St. James's in 1714, 'and saw a park with walks, a canal, etc., which they told me were mine. The next day, Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me *my own* carp out of *my own* canal in *my own* park!'[1] The Canal was bordered by four lines

[1] Walpole's 'Letters,' 1877, i. xcv-xcvi.

of limes which dated from the days of Charles II., by whom it was first laid out; and in winter it was a favourite skating ground. 'The Canal and Rosamond's Pond,' says Swift, in January, 1711, are 'full of the rabble sliding and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.' Patrick was Swift's 'very *Irish* footman,' and the bird was a linnet he had bought for Mrs. Dingley at Dublin, which Patrick was keeping in a closet at Swift's lodgings in Bury Street, 'where,' says his master, 'it makes a terrible litter.' Rosamond's Pond, which Swift also mentions, was an oblong piece of water fed by the Tyburn, and connected with the Canal by a sluice. It lay obliquely at the end of Bird-Cage Walk, not very far from the modest building which preceded the Wellington Barracks. In Hogarth's picture of it—one of his rare efforts in landscape—it is represented as shaded by lofty trees, and surrounded by wooden railings; and according to the 'London Spy,' about the elms in the vicinity, seats were placed. 'Rosamonda's Lake,' as Pope calls it, was equally in request for assignations and for suicides. In Mrs. Haywood's 'Betsy Thoughtless,' one of her characters, Flora Mellasin, meets a gentleman (Mr. Trueworth)

by appointment at 'General Tatten's Bench, opposite Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park'; and in her diary for 1768 Fanny Burney speaks of 'a trip to Rosamond's Pond' as the sovereign remedy for a delicate distress. Writing to Hurd, Warburton refers to the place as 'long consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry.' Whether this lugubrious reputation had anything to do with its ultimate disappearance (it was also subsequently described on sanitary grounds as a 'shameful nuisance') is debatable; but about 1770 it was doomed. 'Rosamond's Pond is . . . to be filled up,' writes Mr. Whately in June of that year to George Granville, 'and a road carried across it to [Great] George Street; the rest is to be all lawn.' A month later this is confirmed by the 'Public Advertiser.' 'A Gate is opened into Petty France for the Convenience of bringing Soil in to fill Rosamond's Pond and the upper Part of the Canal. When this is finished a new Lawn will appear in Front of the Queen's Palace, all those Trees cut down which obstruct it, and then the whole Park will be new modelled.' All of which afterwards came to pass under the superintendence of 'Capability' Brown. Perhaps the most pleasing memory of this forgotten piece of water comes from No. 44 of Addison's 'Free-

Holder': 'As I was last Friday taking a Walk in the Park, I saw a Countrey Gentleman at the side of *Rosamond's* Pond, pulling a Handful of Oats out of his Pocket, and with a great deal of Pleasure, gathering the Ducks about him.' It was the Tory Fox-Hunter, whose rubicund portrait had been inimitably drawn in an earlier paper; and who proceeds to give his friend an account of his misadventures at a Somerset House Masquerade where he had seen a Bishop in drink making love to an Indian Queen, and had his pocket picked of his Purse and Almanack by a Cardinal whom he felt convinced was a Presbyterian in disguise.

In the 'Random Recollections' of George Colman the Younger, which are dated 1830, he speaks of Rosamond's Pond as having 'some little islands upon it, forming part of the *Decoy*, upon one of which there was a summer-house, where the old Princess Amelia [*i.e.*, George the Second's daughter, and Walpole's Princess Amélie] used to drink tea.' The recollection is more at random than usual, for the maps show no indication of islands in Rosamond's Pond. The mistake is also curious because the writer's grandmother appears, by permission of the Crown, to have actually inhabited a house in the Park itself.

But Colman was only born in 1762, and by 1770 Rosamond's Pond had been filled up. His reference, no doubt, was to Duck Island, upon which there was at least one summer-house, dating from William III., and where there were certainly entertainments. 'The Prince [of Wales] gave a Ball last night in the Island in St. James's Park,' writes Lady Strafford in the 'Wentworth Papers' under date of 22 May, 1729. Duck Island, of which the Second Charles had made M. de St. Evremond Governor, an office which Caroline of Ansbach subsequently transferred, with a certain cognominal propriety, to her thresher-poet, Stephen Duck, lay at the south-eastern end of the Canal towards Duke Street and Storey's Gate, and occupied nearly the whole of the space half-way to Buckingham House. It was less an island than a group of islets, created by channels and inlets within an encircling moat. Upon one of these was the famous Decoy for ducks. In Georgian days the whole place, which seems to have been sometimes also styled the Wilderness, was a tangle of overgrowth of all sorts (the very timber upon it sold for a considerable sum); and it gradually acquired in addition all the malodorous disadvantages attaching to foul mud, sluggish streams, and decomposed vegetation. When it

was definitely condemned its disappearance must have given satisfaction to other inhabitants of Duke Street besides Lord Suffolk, as (according to the 'Public Advertiser' for April 2, 1770) the stagnated waters were then occasioning such a stench as to cause apprehensions of an epidemic. But it appears to have been only in May, 1771, that action was really determined upon.[1]

The Parade, which, by the way, occasionally suffered during heavy rains from the overflow of the Canal, occupied much the same space as at present, though it was perhaps more contracted. Under the Georges it was less a promenade than a drill-ground, for here, according to the 'Foreigner's Guide' for 1740, the Foot Guards (whom we must picture as they appear in Hogarth's memorable 'March to Finchley') assembled daily, and performed those exercises which Corporal Trim exemplifies in 'Tristram Shandy' to Yorick and 'My Uncle Toby.'[2] Here, also, as now, reviews were held. 'Monday,' says the 'Craftsman' for Dec. 28, 1728, 'the four Troops of

[1] 'General Evening Post,' 7-9, May, 1771.

[2] Sometimes they used it as a dressing-room. 'Hour viii (8 a.m.).—Foot Soldiers on the Parade in St. *James's Park*, getting *All-Off*, and their Hair flower'd for a Halfpenny each.' ('Low Life,' [1752,] 20).

Horse Guards and two of Horse Grenadiers, were muster'd in St. James's Park and made a fine Appearance.' Here, again, the halberts were often erected for the brutal and demoralising military punishments of the time. 'Yesterday morning,' says the 'Covent-Garden Journal' for Jan. 14, 1752, 'two private Centinels of the First Regiment of Foot Guards were severely whipt on the Parade in St. James's Park.' A few weeks later the same print tells us that 'a Soldier of the Second Regiment of Foot-Guards received 100 Lashes on the Parade, with a Cat of Nine-Tails, for Desertion.' 'His sentence,' the record goes on, was '600 Lashes at three different Times, and this was the second Part of his Punishment, but after he had received 100, the Surgeon who was present declared that any more at that Time would endanger his Life.' Nor was this by any means an isolated case. In 1771 another sentinel in the Guards, for merely saying foolishly 'that there was no more encouragement for a good soldier than for a bad one,' was, in the absence of a surgeon, flogged so mercilessly that he subsequently died raving mad in the Hospital of the Savoy.

Smoking was not permitted on the Parade, and it was considered a grave breach of propriety to

draw a sword in the Park. 'If we were not in the Park,' says Booth in Ch. V, Bk. 5, of 'Amelia' to Colonel Bath, who had called him a scoundrel, 'I would thank you very properly for that compliment.' This prohibition, however, did not prevent the place, especially during the earlier part of the eighteenth century, from being employed as a duelling-ground. 'Last week,' says the 'Craftsman' in August, 1728, 'Capt. Graham and Capt. Montgomery had a Rencounter in St. James's Park, in which both were wounded'; and it would be easy to give a long list of such 'rencounters,' although the great duel of the century, that of Mohun and Duke Hamilton, used so effectively by Thackeray in 'Esmond,' belongs not to St. James's, but to Hyde Park. Over the frequent robberies one may pass lightly. They were as common in St. James's Park as everywhere, and acquired no distinction from their proximity to palaces and the *beau monde*. What is perhaps more notable is the popularity of the Mall and walks for pedestrian and other sporting feats. Garth's contest with the Duke of Grafton has already been mentioned, but there were many similar and humbler exploits. In 1720 there is record of a race between a black boy and a coffee-house boy three times round the

Park for £100. In 1731 a butcher-boy ran five times round the Park for £40; and in 1749 a little girl of eighteen months was backed to walk the Mall in half an hour, and accomplished her task in twenty-three minutes 'to the great admiration of thousands.' Hopping matches were also of frequent occurrence; and now and then insane or eccentric persons would complete a course in that 'native nothingness' which Goldsmith makes a feature of one of the mad freaks of Bolingbroke. Such an exhibition was, to his astonishment, witnessed in 1733 by that astute visitor to our shores, Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz. A man ran naked through the crowded Mall for a wager, and because he won it, the spectators, far from blaming his impudence, gave him presents of money. 'Jugez par-là'—says the narrator—'si rien égale la douceur & le bonheur de la condition des Anglois.[1]

The Mall, with its broad avenues, was naturally a favourite field for these performances. But there were other walks which had their votaries. At the head of Rosamond's Pond was the Close, or Jacobites' Walk; and there was also a Long

[1] 'Lettres du Baron de Pöllnitz,' etc. 4e édition, 1741, iii. pp. 377-378.

Lime Walk which led to a grove of elms. Between the Mall and the Park wall was the Green, or Duke Humphrey's Walk, which, like the middle aisle of Old St. Paul's, was supposed to be consecrated to fasting persons. In 1754 the 'Connoisseur' accuses impecunious ensigns of 'dining with Duke Humphrey in St. James's Park'; and 'dining with Duke Humphrey' is defined in a caricature of 1762 as numbering 'ye Trees in the Park instead of a Dinner.'[1] Probably it was in this neighbourhood that Goldsmith met his strolling player, who, it will be remembered, was also *impransus*. But in any retrospect of the old Park one reverts to its fortunate rather than its unfortunate frequenters —to the fine gentlemen and the beauties, not to the rabble who mobbed them. This mobbing of notorieties, by the way, especially women, seems to have been one of the most objectionable features of eighteenth century open-air life. There are many instances on record, but that of the Gunnings is the best known. 'They can't walk in the Park,' says Walpole in 1751 of the beautiful

[1] This again is confirmed by 'Low Life' [1752], 30. 'Hour xiii (1 p.m.).—The Mall in *St. James's Park*, filled with *French* Men picking their Teeth, *and counting the Trees for a Dinner*.'

sisters, 'or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away.' Eight years later curiosity had not abated. 'Two ladies of distinction (who had, it seems, been incommoded by the mob, as the phrase is, on the Sunday before) walked up and down the walks [in St. James's Park] preceded by soldiers from the guard'—a precaution which, we are told, 'gave no small offence to the rest of the company, who were frequently obliged to go out of their path to make way for the procession.' So says the 'London Chronicle' for June 23-26, 1759. The ladies in question, we learn from Walpole, were Lady Coventry (the elder of the Gunnings), and Horace's own beautiful niece, Lady Waldegrave, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester. It is but fair to add that the *grandes dames* of the day appear occasionally to have invited inspection by their singularities—witness the following extract from the records of Fanny Burney: 'Mr. Burney, Hetty and I took a walk in the Park on Sunday morning, where among others, we saw the young and handsome Duchess of Devonshire, walking in such an undressed and slatternly manner, as, in former times, Mrs. Rishton might have done in Chesington Garden. Two of her curls came quite unpinned, and fell

lank on one of her shoulders; one shoe was down at heel, the trimming of her jacket and coat was in some places unsown; her cap was awry; and her cloak which was rusty and powdered, was flung half on and half off. Had she not had a servant in a superb livery behind her, she would have certainly been affronted. Every creature turned back to stare at her. Indeed I think her very handsome, and she has a look of innocence and artlessness that made me quite sorry she should be so foolishly negligent of her person. She had hold of the Duke's arm, who is the very reverse of herself, for he is ugly, tidy, and grave.'[1]

One of the things that most astonished foreigners like M. de Pöllnitz was the impunity with which, in public places such as the Mall, the poorer classes rubbed elbows with their betters.[2] The names of Coventry and Waldegrave and Devonshire remind us that there can scarcely have been a beauty from Kneller to Reynolds who had not at some time 'made herself a motley to the view' in the old park of Anne and

[1] 'Early Diary of Frances Burney, 1889, ii. 139-140.

[2] 'Ce qui en gâte beaucoup la promenade, c'est que le monde y est fort mêlé; la livrée et le plus vil peuple s'y promenent, de même que les gens de condition.'—*Mémoires du Baron de Pöllnitz*, 1741, ii. 307.

the Georges. Mrs. Barton and Lady Betty Germaine, the Duchess of Buckingham and the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Portland and the Duchess of Queensberry, Lady Worsley and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mrs. Frances Abington and Miss Kitty Fisher, the brazen Miss Chudleigh and the beautiful Mrs. Crewe, the Duchesses of Gordon and Rutland; Lady Craven, Lady Barrymore, Lady Mary Coke, Lady Archer, Lady Caroline Petersham—these and a host of others must, without the aid of kodaks and photography, have been familiar in men's minds as household words. Nor was the Georgian public ignorant of many notabilities not native to the land. In 1786 the Park was visited by the charming and ill-fated Marie-Thérèse-Louise de Savoie-Carignan, Princesse de Lamballe, who came to the Mall with Mrs. Fitzherbert; and in 1785 by that multifarious genius Mme. de Genlis, accompanied by the Pamela, who afterwards became Lady Edward Fitzgerald. A year earlier they had been preceded by the Egeria of the Gironde, Mme. Roland. But the glories of the place must have been already on the wane, for she tells her daughter that the company on Sunday evening were 'en général, tous marchands et bourgeois.'

The Park itself seems to have greatly disappointed her. 'Malgré l'air champêtre et de liberté qui y règne, je n'y ai point vu de ces parties solitaires et charmantes que les promeneurs mélancoliques ou studieux aiment tant à pratiquer.'[1]

In looking back over the preceding pages we perceive that we have omitted much which, in an ampler field, would have found its mention. We have said nothing of fêtes, or fireworks, or processions, or peace rejoicings;—nothing of the camp in the riots of '80, or of the coronation of George III. But consideration of these things would furnish forth a far longer study, and for the present—as sayeth my Lord St. Alban in his Essaye 'Of Maskes and Triumphs'—'Enough of these Toyes!'

[1] 'Voyage en Angleterre, Œuvres, An. viii (1800) iii, 234, 222.

THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.

Being a hitherto-unwritten Chapter in the Life of Henry Fielding.

IN the month of December, 1751, when Henry Fielding issued his last novel of 'Amelia,'—that 'Amelia' which Johnson, despite his dislike to the author, read through without stopping,—he was close upon forty-five. His health was breaking under a complication of disorders, and he had not long to live. For three years he had been in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster, earning—'by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars,' and 'by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left—' rather more than £300 per annum of 'the dirtiest money upon earth,' and even of this a considerable portion went to Mr. Brogden, his clerk. He also received, he tells us in the 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon,'

'a yearly pension out of the public service-money,' the amount of which is not stated; and he was in addition, as appears from his will, possessed of twenty shares in that multifarious enterprise, puffed obliquely in Book V. of 'Amelia,' the Universal Register Office, which was Estate Office, Lost Property Office, Servants' Registry, Curiosity Shop, and several other things besides. He lived at Bow Street, in a house belonging to his patron, John, Duke of Bedford, which house, during its subsequent tenure by his brother and successor, John Fielding, was destroyed by the Gordon rioters; and he had a little country-box on the highroad between Acton and Ealing, to which he occasionally retired; and where, in all probability, his children lived with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Daniel.[1] It was at this date, and in these circumstances, that he projected the fourth of his newspapers, 'The Covent-Garden Journal,' concerning which the following notice is inserted at the end of the second volume of 'Amelia,' coming immediately after an advertisement of

[1] He had also, *circa* 1753, a residence at Hammersmith, whence, in May of that year (according to the Hammersmith Register), his daughter Louisa was buried. (Information supplied by Mr. Samuel Martin, of the Ravenscourt Park Free Library.)

the Universal Register Office :—'All Persons who intend to take in THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL, which will be certainly published on *Saturday* the 4th of *January* next, Price 3d. are desired to send their Names, and Places of Abode, to the above Office, opposite *Cecil-Street*, in the *Strand*. And the said Paper will then be delivered at their Houses.'

In conformity with this announcement, the first number of 'The Covent-Garden Journal' duly appeared on Saturday, the 4th January, 1752. It was said to be 'by Sir Alexander Drawcansir, Knt. Censor of Great Britain,' and was to 'be continued every Tuesday and Saturday.' It was 'Printed, and Sold by Mrs. Dodd, at the *Peacock*, *Temple Bar;*' and at the Universal Register Office, 'where Advertisements and Letters to the Author are taken in.' For the form, it was Cowper's 'folio of four pages,' beginning with an Essay on the 'Spectator' pattern, followed by Covent Garden news, 'Occasional Pieces of Humour,' 'Modern History' from the newspapers '*cum notis variorum*,' Foreign Affairs, and miscellaneous advertisements, in which last the Universal Register Office and its doings naturally play a conspicuous part. In his initial paper, Fielding expressly disclaims Politics, as the term

is understood by his contemporaries, *i.e.*, Faction; personal Slander and Scurrility; and Dulness, unless—like his predecessor Steele—he is unable to avoid it. His motive for issuing the paper is not explicitly disclosed; but it may be fairly suggested that the promotion of the Register Office scheme, in which he and his brother were concerned, and the placing on record from time to time of the more important cases that came before him at Bow Street in his magisterial capacity—were not foreign to his project. That the latter was intended to be a prominent feature of the new enterprise, is plain from his second number, where, in promising to make the paper 'a much better Journal of Occurrences than hath been ever yet printed,' he says :—'I have already secured the Play-houses, and other Places of Resort in this Parish of Covent Garden, as I have Mr. Justice Fielding's Clerk, who hath promised me the most material Examinations before his Master.'

When Cowper described the eighteenth century newspaper as a 'folio of four pages,' he added

> 'happy work!
> Which not e'en critics criticise.'

To 'The Covent-Garden Journal' this is singularly inapplicable, since it not only provoked, but was calculated to provoke, contemporary comment. The pioneer of its 'Occasional Pieces of Humour' was 'A Journal of the Present Paper War between the Forces under Sir Alexander Drawcansir, and the Army of Grub-Street.' In his 'Introduction' to this, Sir Alexander contended that the Press was in the possession of an army of scribblers; and that the Government of the State of Criticism was usurped by incompetent persons, whose ranks had moreover been swelled by irregulars less competent still in the shape of 'Beaux, Rakes, Templars, Cits, Lawyers, Mechanics, School-boys, and fine Ladies,' —from which it must be concluded that the Republic of Letters, even now, has made no exceptional progress. To all this 'Swarm of Vandals,' the new Censor declared war. His idea was not a strikingly novel one, either in its inception or its execution; and it is only necessary to quote two passages from this source, because of the events that followed them. In his second number for January 7th, describing the operations of his troops, Fielding proceeds—'A little before our March, however, we sent a large Body of Forces, under the Command of General

A. Millar [his publisher], to take Possession of the most eminent Printing-Houses. The greater Part of these were garrisoned by Detachments from the Regiment of Grub-Street, who all retired at the Approach of our Forces. A small Body, indeed, under the Command of one Peeragrin Puckle, made a slight Show of Resistance; but his Hopes were soon found to be in *Vain* [Vane]; and, at the first Report of the Approach of a younger Brother of General Thomas Jones, his whole Body immediately disappeared, and totally overthrew some of their own Friends, who were marching to their Assistance, under the Command of one Rodorick Random. This Rodorick, in a former Skirmish with the People called Critics, had owed some slight Success more to the Weakness of the Critics, than to any Merit of his own.'

The not very formidable satire of this passage was levelled at Smollett, whose 'Peregrine Pickle' had been published at the beginning of 1751, with a success to which its incorporation into its pages of the scandalous Memoirs of Frances Anne, Viscountess Vane, — memoirs which Horace Walpole declared worthy to be bound up with those of his own sister-in-law (Lady Orford) and Moll Flanders,—had, as Fielding's *jeu de mots*

implies, largely contributed. Sir Alexander further relates that his troops, after being rapturously received by the Critical garrisons at Tom's in Cornhill and Dick's at Temple Bar, *blockheaded* up the Bedford Coffee House in Covent Garden, the denizens of which were divided in their welcome, part of them being overawed by a nondescript Monster with Ass's ears, evidently intended for the Lion's Head Letter Box on the Venetian pattern, now preserved at Woburn Abbey, which, having honourably served at Button's for Steele's 'Guardian,' was then doing fatigue duty at the Bedford for the 'Inspector' of the very versatile Dr., or Sir John Hill. As far as it is possible to comprehend this somewhat obscure quarrel, Fielding, at an earlier and accidental meeting, had jocosely but injudiciously proposed to Hill, whom he knew too little, that they should make believe to attack one another for the public diversion,—a thing which, if it had not been much done before, has certainly been done since. But Hill, a pompous, unscrupulous man, 'gave him away' forthwith. The 'Inspector' essays were published in 'The London Daily Advertiser,' and in No. 268, two days later, he retorted in a strain of outraged dignity. He told the private story from his own highly virtuous point of view,

declared that the proposed mock-fight would have been a disingenuous trifling with a trusting public, patronised Fielding as a paragraphist, and pronounced him as an essayist to be 'unmeaning, inelegant, confused and contradictory.' He was even base enough to take advantage of Sir Alexander's failing health. 'I am sorry' (he said) 'to insult the departed Spirit of a living Author; but I tremble when I view this Instance of the transitory Nature of what we are apt to esteem most our own. I drop a Tear to the short Period of human Genius, when I see, after so few Years, the Author of "Joseph Andrews" doating in "The Covent-Garden Journal." I have an unaffected Pain in being made the Instrument of informing him of this: I could have wished him to enjoy for Life that Opinion he entertains of himself; and never to have heard the Determination of the World.' Elsewhere he commented ironically on the 'particular Orthography' of the word 'blockade,' and altogether scored in a fashion which must have been most galling to Fielding, and is to-day almost inconceivable to those who keep in mind the relative importance which posterity has assigned to the performances of 'the Author of "Amelia"' (as Hill styled him) and the performances of the Author of the 'Ad-

ventures of Lady Frail.'[1] Fielding was, no doubt, intensely disgusted, and the next instalment of the 'Journal of the War,' after giving briefly his own version of the affair, wound up by observing, with more bitterness than usual, that '*his Lowness* [Hill] was not only among the meanest of those who ever drew a Pen, but was absolutely the vilest Fellow that ever wore a Head.'[2]

Humiliating, however, as was the procedure of Hill, it was nothing to the action of Smollett a few days subsequently. Seeing that, months before, in the first edition of 'Peregrine Pickle,' Smollett had ridiculed Fielding's friend, Lyttelton, as 'Gosling Scrag,'—seeing also that he had unprovokedly sneered at Fielding himself for 'marrying his own cook-wench' (his second wife,

[1] This, which came out in 1751, was a variation by Hill upon the story of Lady Vane.

[2] To prove that Fielding's character of Mr. Inspector was deserved, it is only necessary to read the account of Hill's dealings with Christopher Smart ('Gentleman's Magazine,' 1752, pp. 387, 599). A few months after the above attack on Fielding, he was publicly caned at Ranelagh by Mr. Mounteford Brown, an Irish gentleman whom he had libelled. But he must have been clever, since by impudence, cheap science and scandal, he occasionally contrived to clear £1,500 a year at the pen, in days when Fielding and Goldsmith and Johnson remained poor.

it will be remembered, had been the first Mrs. Fielding's maid), and for settling down 'in his old age, as a trading Westminster justice' (in which capacity he certainly never deserved the qualifying adjective), it might be thought that the already-quoted allusions to Smollett in 'The Covent-Garden Journal' were neither very virulent nor very vindictive. But such as they were, they stung Smollett to madness. On the 20th of January, he rushed into the fray with a sixpenny pamphlet, modelled after Pope's attack on Dennis, and purporting to be 'A Faithful Narrative of the Base and inhuman Arts That were lately practised upon the Brain of Habbakkuk Hilding, Justice, Dealer, and Chapman, Who now lies at his House in Covent Garden, in a deplorable State of Lunacy, a dreadful Monument of false Friendship and Delusion. By Drawcansir Alexander, Fencing-Master and Philomath.' Little beyond the title-page of this unsavoury performance deserves quotation, for it is indescribably coarse and hopelessly rancorous; and indeed is only to be explained by its writer's conviction that Fielding's ridicule must be stopped at all hazards, even if it were needful to have recourse to that nauseous, and now obsolete, mode of warfare described by Commodore Trun-

nion as 'heaving in stink-pots.'[1] It is also manifest from some of its utterances that Smollett, rightly or wrongly, regarded Fielding's enterprise as inspired by Lyttelton (*cf.* the 'false Friendship' of the title); and that he was also conceited or foolish enough to believe that Fielding's Partridge and Miss Matthews were borrowed from his own Strap and Miss Williams. To the Smollett pamphlet, as well as to some similar and simultaneous attacks upon himself and 'Amelia' in a periodical by Bonnel Thornton entitled 'Have at You All; or, The Drury Lane Journal,' Fielding made no discernible answer. Already in his fifth issue (January 18th), he had referred generally to 'the unfair Methods made use of by the Enemy;' as well as to the impracticability of replying effectually with a broadsword to blunderbusses loaded with ragged bullets and discharged 'from lurking Holes and Places of Security.' With the preceding number, the 'Journal of the War' had been terminated by the conclusion of a peace, and a Court of Censorial Enquiry was announced in its place.

[1] 'For the benefit of the curious,' Mr. W. E. Henley has reprinted the 'Faithful Narrative,' with a prefatory note, at pp. 167-186 of Vol. XII of his complete edition of Smollett.

From all this, it must be concluded that, as Richardson said, Sir Alexander had been 'overmatched by people whom he had despised;' and that when, under the motto *Nulla venenato est Litera mista Joco*, he entered light-heartedly upon the campaign against Dulness, he had either not foreseen the treatment he would receive, or had forgotten that the popular reply to raillery is ribaldry. Richardson's words, indeed, are that he had been 'overmatched in his own way.' But this is not the case. His way was possibly the coarse way of his period; but it was not the mean and cowardly way of his assailants. It is, however, characteristic of his sensitive nature that the first work he brought before the new tribunal was his own 'Amelia.' He had obviously been greatly annoyed by the malicious capital extracted by the critics out of his unlucky neglect to specify that Mrs. Booth had been cured of the accident recorded in the novel (Bk. II., ch. i.). The accident was one which had happened to his first wife, whose charms had apparently been unimpaired by it; but he had forgotten to state in express terms that the Miss Harris of the story was in similar case; and had thus given obvious opportunity to the adversary to mock at his heroine as 'a Beauty without a Nose.' 'Amelia, even to

her noselessness, is again his first wife'—wrote Richardson to Mrs. Donnellan; and Johnson also speaks of that 'vile broken nose, never cured.' In the third number of 'The Covent-Garden Journal' (immediately preceding an announcement of the *thirteenth* elopement from her Lord of Lady Vane), Fielding consequently issued a paragraph upon the subject:—'It is currently reported that a famous Surgeon, who absolutely cured one Mrs. Amelia Booth, of a violent Hurt in her Nose, insomuch that she had scarce a Scar left on it, intends to bring Actions against several ill-meaning and slanderous People, who have reported that the said Lady had no Nose, merely because the Author of her History, in a Hurry, forgot to inform his Readers of that Particular. . . .' Besides this, he made several additions to the book itself which left no doubt upon the subject. But he was also mortified and depressed by the reception which 'Amelia' had received from some of those critical irregulars whose activity he had deprecated in his third number, especially the Beaux and fine Ladies, who—if we may believe Mrs. Elizabeth Carter—were unanimous in pronouncing the story 'to be very sad stuff.'[1] Accordingly, in No. 7, 'Amelia' is

[1] 'Letters,' 3d Ed. 1819, i. 368.

brought to the Bar, as indicted upon the Statute of Dulness; and Mr. Counsellor Town enumerates her Errors. The book is affirmed to be 'very sad Stuff' (thus corroborating Mrs. Carter), and the heroine is described as 'a low Character,' a 'Milksop' and 'a Fool.' She is reproached with a lack of spirit and too frequent fainting; with 'servile offices,' such as dressing her children and cooking; with being too forgiving to her husband; and lastly with the results of the mishap already sufficiently referred to. Dr. Harrison and Colonel Bath fare no better; and finally Mr. Town undertakes to prove that the Book 'contains no Wit, Humour, Knowledge of human Nature, or of the World; indeed, that the Fable, moral Characters, Manners, Sentiments, and Diction, are all alike bad and contemptible.' After some hearsay evidence has been tendered, and a 'Great Number of Beaus, Rakes, fine Ladies, and several formal Persons with bushy Wigs, and Canes at their Noses,' are preparing to supplement it, a grave Man stands up, and begging to be heard, delivers what must be regarded as Fielding's final apology for his last novel.

'If you, Mr. Censor, are yourself a Parent, you will view me with Compassion when I declare I am the Father of this poor Girl the

Prisoner at the Bar; nay, when I go farther, and avow, that of all my Offspring she is my favourite Child. I can truly say that I bestowed a more than ordinary Pains in her Education; in which I will venture to affirm, I followed the Rules of all those who are acknowledged to have writ best on the Subject; and if her Conduct be fairly examined, she will be found to deviate very little from the strictest Observation of all those Rules; neither Homer nor Virgil pursued them with greater Care than myself, and the candid and learned Reader will see that the latter was the noble model, which I made use of on this Occasion.

'I do not think my Child is entirely free from Faults. I know nothing human that is so; but surely she does not deserve the Rancour with which she hath been treated by the Public. However, it is not my Intention, at present, to make any Defence; but shall submit to a Compromise, which hath been always allowed in this Court in all Prosecutions for Dulness. I do, therefore, solemnly declare to you, Mr. Censor, that I will trouble the World no more with any Children of mine by the same Muse.'

This was recorded by the Censor to the satisfaction of the majority. 'Amelia was delivered

to her Parent, and a Scene of great Tenderness passed between them, which gave much Satisfaction to many present.' But there were some, we are told, who regretted this conclusion to the cause, and held that the lady ought to have been honourably acquitted. Richardson was not one of these, and wrote jubilantly to Mrs. Donnellan: 'Mr. Fielding has overwritten himself, or rather *under*-written; and in his own journal [which R. persists in calling the *Common* Garden Journal] seems ashamed of his last piece; and has promised that the same Muse shall write no more for him. The piece, in short, is as dead as if it had been published forty years ago, as to sale.' Then comes the remarkable—'You guess that I have not read "Amelia." Indeed, I have read but the first volume.'[1] It was not Amelia, however, of whom Fielding was ashamed; it was the

[1] 'Who can care for any of his people?'—he says again to Lady Bradshaigh. 'A person of honour asked me, the other day, what he [Fielding] could mean, by saying, in his "Covent-Garden Journal," that he had followed Homer and Virgil, in his "Amelia." I answered, that he was justified in saying so, because he must mean Cotton's "Virgil Travestied;" where the women are drabs and the men scoundrels.' ('Correspondence,' by Mrs. Barbauld, 1804, vi. pp. 154-155).

public. Faults of haste and taste he might have committed; but at least he had presented them with what Thackeray has called 'the most delightful portrait of a woman that surely ever was painted,' and they had preferred the 'Adventures of Lady Frail.'

The 'Court of Censorial Enquiry' continued to sit after this; but, as the paper progressed, only at rare intervals. One of its next duties was to cite the new actor Henry Mossop for daring to act Macbeth while Garrick was alive,—a case which was decided, and rightly decided, in favour of Mossop. Another topic dealt with by the Court was the advertisement, in the guise of a criminal, of a whole-length print of the notorious Miss Mary or Molly Blandy (shortly afterwards executed at Oxford), before she had been tried, a course which the Court declared to be 'base and infamous' as tending to 'prepossess the Minds of Men,' and 'take away that Indifference with which Jurymen ought to come to the Trial of a Prisoner'—a view which it is difficult to gainsay. One of the first books to be examined is the philological 'Hermes' of James Harris, a second issue of which had appeared in 1751. But Harris, like the first Mrs. Fielding, was 'of Salisbury,' and was probably known to 'Mr. Censor,' who

certainly uses him more gently than Johnson, who found bad grammar in his Dedication and coxcombry in himself as an author.[1] A second work, James Gibbs's translation of Bishop Osorio's 'History of the Portuguese,' probably owed the notice it received to its dedication to Lyttelton. But Fielding seems to have refrained from any record of another book inscribed to himself, and frequently advertised in the 'Journal,' namely, the third edition of Francis Coventry's 'Pompey the Little, concerning which the quidnuncs asserted that its Lady Tempest had her prototype in Ethelreda or Audrey Harrison, Viscountess Townshend, who was also suspected by some to have sat for the Lady Bellaston of 'Tom Jones.' The new issue of Sarah Fielding's 'David Simple,' another frequent appearance, was less in need of the Censor's notice, since the volumes already included prefaces, avowed and unavowed, from his pen. To his friend Hogarth's 'Analysis

[1] To quote but one statement from Johnson is seldom safe. Tyers says that the posthumous volumes of Mr. Harris of Salisbury had attractions that engaged the great man to the end. It was 'Hermes,' by the way, which Joseph Cradock's friend mistook for a novel; and when he returned it, mildly deprecated 'these imitations of "Tristram Shandy."'

of Beauty,' which was announced in March as a forthcoming Tract in Quarto, he might perhaps have been expected to give a hearty welcome; but by the time that much-edited masterpiece was published in December, 'The Covent-Garden Journal' itself was no more. The only literary work belonging strictly to 1752 which it reviewed, was 'The Female Quixote; or, The Adventures of Arabella,' by Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, whom Fielding, in his later 'Voyage to Lisbon,' describes vaguely as 'shamefully distress'd.' To posterity, however, she must always seem rather fortunate than otherwise; since a lady whose abilities, or personal charms, were able to procure for her the countenance and assistance of nearly all the foremost literary men of her time, cannot justly be counted evil-starred. Johnson wrote her Prefaces; Goldsmith, her Epilogues; Garrick helped her to plays (and produced them at Drury Lane); Richardson read her his private letters; and lastly Fielding, in 'The Covent-Garden Journal' for March the 24th, after implying that, in some particulars, she had outdone Cervantes himself, declared her 'Arabella' to be 'a most extraordinary and most excellent Performance.' 'It is indeed,' he went on, 'a Work of true Humour, and cannot fail of

giving a rational, as well as very pleasing, Amusement to a sensible Reader, who will at once be instructed and very highly diverted.' Sir Alexander was never slow at 'backing of his friends.' Only a week or two before, he had added to a notification in the 'Journal' of Mrs. Clive's benefit, the following—'Mrs. Clive in her Walk on the Stage is the greatest Actress the World ever saw; and if as many really understood true Humour as pretend to understand it, she would have nothing to wish, but that the House was six Times as large as it is.' It is pleasant to think that he could still write thus of the accomplished comedian, of whom, eighteen years before, he had said in the epistle prefixed to 'The Intriguing Chambermaid,' that her part in real life was that of 'the best Wife, the best Daughter, the best Sister, and the best Friend.'

But the laurels of Fielding were not won as a periodical writer; and it is idle to seek in 'The Covent-Garden Journal' of his decline for qualities which were absent from 'The Champion' and 'The True Patriot.' Hill's verdict on his work as an essayist is, of course, simply impertinent; but one of his best critics has also admitted of these particular papers that 'few are marked by talent and not one by genius.' It is

possible, indeed, that they are not all from his pen, as they frequently bear different initials; and it may well be that some of them should have been signed Lyttelton or Murphy. Many, however, may be certainly attributed to Fielding, *e.g.*, the one containing the 'Modern Glossary,' which defines the word 'Great' to signify Bigness, when applied to a Thing, and often Littleness, or Meanness, when applied to a Man,—a distinction which has the very ring of 'Jonathan Wild'; and the two papers devoted to ridiculing the proceedings of the Robin Hood Society in Essex Street, to which institution he subsequently referred in the 'Voyage to Lisbon.' This free-thinking club was nevertheless a nursery of rhetoric, in which even Burke is supposed to have exercised his powers; and its president, a very dignified baker (who Derrick said ought to have been Master of the Rolls), was undoubtedly a born orator to boot. One of the subsequent papers tells the story of Jucundo from Ariosto's 'Orlando' in the prose fashion afterwards employed by Leigh Hunt in 'The Indicator'; and there are lucubrations upon People of Fashion, Humour, Contempt, Profanity and so forth, besides a very sensible and pleasant Dialogue at Tunbridge Wells, 'after the Manner of Plato,'

between a Fine Lady and a Philosopher, which, however, bears the initial 'J.' But Fielding is clearly responsible for the succeeding number, a skit upon the perverse ingenuities of Shakespearean emendation.

To the student, 'The Covent-Garden Journal' must always be interesting for its references, direct and indirect, to its responsible author, now a broken, over-burdened man, nearing the close of his career. Some of these references, hitherto only reported imperfectly from 'The Gentleman's Magazine' and elsewhere, have already been dealt with at the outset of this paper. A few others may find a place here. Foremost comes the constantly recurring notification, which shows how little he regarded his office from the point of view of his own Justice Thrasher:

'All Persons who shall for the Future suffer by Robbers, Burglars, etc., are desired immediately to bring, or send, the best Description they can of such Robbers, etc., with the Time and Place, and Circumstances of the Fact, to Henry Fielding, Esq., at his House in Bow-Street.'

Another instance of his energy in his calling is supplied by the collection of cases which, under the title of 'Examples of the Interposition of

Providence, in the Detection and Punishment of Murder,' he threw into pamphlet form in April, 1752, and which was prompted, as the Advertisement puts it, 'by the many horrid Murders committed within this last Year.' Copies of the 'Examples' were freely distributed in Court to those to whom they seemed likely to be of use. A notice of the arrival at the Register Office of a consignment of Glastonbury Water is proof that Fielding retained his faith in the healing virtues of that 'salubrious Spring'; while the announcement of a new translation of 'Lucian' in collaboration with William Young ('Parson Adams') testifies to the fact that he still hankered after his old literary pursuits. To this last never-executed project the 'Journal' devoted a leading article, which is interesting from its incidental admission that Lucian had been Fielding's own master in style. It further declared that the then-existing English versions of the Samosatene gave no better idea of his spirit 'than the vilest Imitation by a Sign-post Painter can convey the Spirit of the excellent Hogarth,'—another instance of Fielding's fidelity to the friend he had praised in the Preface to 'Joseph Andrews.' The article ends by trusting the Public will support two gentlemen, 'who have hitherto in their

several Capacities endeavoured to be serviceable to them, without deriving any great Emolument to themselves from their Labours.' In the next number (for July 4th) there is a hint of Sir Alexander's retirement, which was compromised by changing the 'Journal' from a bi-weekly to a weekly organ. In that form it continued to appear until November 25th, when Fielding definitely took leave of his readers in the tone of a sad and weary man. He begged the Public that henceforth they would not father upon him the dullness and scurrility of his worthy contemporaries, 'since I solemnly declare that unless in revising my former Works, I have at present no Intention to hold any further Correspondence with the gayer Muses.' Such undertakings are not unfrequently given in moments of ill-health or depression; but in this case the promise was kept. The world would be poorer without the posthumous tract which tells the touching story of Fielding's 'Voyage to Lisbon,' and, incidentally, of his remaining years; but, unapproached as is that record for patient serenity and cheerful courage, the gayer Muses cannot justly be said to have had anything to do with its production.

Only a limited selection of the essays in 'The

Covent-Garden Journal' is included in Andrew Millar's edition of Fielding's works. Sets of the original numbers, including the advertisements, etc., are exceedingly rare, and generally incomplete. By way of postscript to this paper we cull a few dispersed items from the chronicle entitled 'Modern History.' Robberies on the highway are of course as 'plenty as blackberries'; but the following extract suggests a picture by Mr. S. E. Waller or Mr. Dendy Sadler:

'A few Days since [this was in January, 1752], as two Gentlemen of the Army, and two Ladies, were coming from Bath to London, in a returned Coach, they were stopped at the Entrance of a Lane by a Labourer from out of a Field, who told them there were two Highwaymen in the Lane, whose Persons and Horses he described: Upon which the Gentlemen got out of the Coach, and walked, one on each Side of it, with Pistols in their Hands. One of the Ladies, seeing the Gentlemens Swords in the Coach, said she would not stay in it, but took one and walked by the Side of one of the Gentlemen; and, encouraged by her Example, the other Lady did so, by the other Gentleman. Thus armed, they went down the Lane, where they met the Highwaymen, who passed them without the least Molestation,'

These incidents, however, were not always harmlessly picturesque:

'Wednesday Night [January 15th], Mr. George Cary, a Higgler, who lived near Epping, on his Return home from Leadenhall-market, was robbed and murdered by three Footpads near the Windmill, which is within half a Mile of his own House: They likewise shot his Son, who was in the Cart with him, but his Wound is not likely to prove mortal. Mr. Cary was an honest, industrious Man, and has left a Wife and five Children.'

In his 'Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers,' Fielding had advocated private executions in preference to the degrading 'Tyburn holidays' of his age. He often returns to the subject in 'The Covent-Garden Journal,' witness the following under date of April 27th:

'This Day five Malefactors were executed at Tyburn. No Heroes within the Memory of Man ever met their Fate with more Boldness and Intrepidity, and consequently with more felonious Glory.'

Again,—

'On Monday last [July 13th] eleven Wretches were executed at Tyburn, and the very next Night one of the most impudent Street-Rob-

beries was committed near St. James's Square; an Instance of the little Force which such Examples have on the Minds of the Populace.'

Elsewhere he says (March 27th), concluding an account which might well be a comment on the last plate but one of Hogarth's 'Apprentice' series:

'The real Fact at present is, that instead of making the Gallows an Object of Terror, our Executions contribute to make it an Object of Contempt in the Eye of a Malefactor; and we sacrifice the Lives of Men, not for [the italics are Fielding's] *the Reformation, but the Diversion of the Populace.*'

Here is a note to Mr. Hartshorne's 'Hanging in Chains':

'On Saturday Morning early [June 6th] the Gibbet on Stamford-Hill Common, on which Hurlock hung in Chains for the Murder of his Bedfellow, a few Years since in the Minories, was cut down, and the Remains of Hurlock carried off.'

The next is a smuggling episode:

'[*Monday*, September 11th] Last Week a Riding Officer, with the Assistance of some Dragoons, seized upwards of 300 Weight of Tea and some Brandy (which were lodged in an old

House) near Goodhurst in Sussex, and conveyed it to the Custom-house.'

In Fielding's century John Broughton (beloved of Borrow !), Jack Slack and Tom Faulkener, were familiar pugilistic names. At this date, Broughton, 'the unconquered,' had been badly beaten by Slack, and his patron, the Duke of Cumberland, who had made him a Yeoman of the Guard, was said to have lost some £10,000 by his defeat.

'Yesterday [May 13th] at Broughton's Amphitheatre [in Hanway Street, Oxford Street], the Odds on mounting the Stage were two to one against Falkener. About the Middle of the Battle the Odds run against Slack. But the brave Butcher [Slack], after a severe Contest of 27 Minutes and a Half, left his Antagonist prostrate on the Stage, deprived of Sight and in a most miserable Condition. As the House was crouded and Prices were very high, it is computed that there was not less taken than 300*l.*'

The unhappy woman referred to in the ensuing quotation has already been mentioned in the course of this paper. It is only fair to add that she died denying the crime with which she was charged:

'On Tuesday Morning [March 3d] about 8 o'Clock, Miss Mary Blandy was put to the

Bar at the Assizes at Oxford, Mr. Baron Legge and Mr. Baron Smythe being both on the Bench, and tried on an Indictment for poisoning her late Father, Mr. Francis Blandy, Town Clerk of Henly upon Thames; and after a Trial, which lasted till half an Hour after Eight in the Evening, she was found guilty, on very full Evidence, and received Sentence to be hanged.'

She was executed on the Castle green at Oxford on Monday, April 6th, in the presence of about 5,000 spectators, 'many of whom, and particularly several gentlemen of the university, shed tears,' says Sylvanus Urban. Gibbon, who had just come to Oxford, may have witnessed this occurrence.

'Yesterday [November 9th] a Boy climbed up to the Top of the Door of Westminster-hall, in order to see the Lord-Mayor pass by, and missing his hold fell down, and was so much wounded by the Fall and trod under Foot, before he was got out of the Crowd, that it is thought he cannot live.'

The Lord Mayor in this instance was the Crispe Gascoyne who, in the following year, took part against Fielding over the case of Elizabeth Canning. Here is a reference to another 'person of importance in his Day':

'*Bath, Aug.* 24*th* . . . Last Monday a very curious Statue, in white Marble, of Richard Nash, Esq.; done by Mr. Prince Hoare, was erected in the Pump-Room of this City. The Expence is defray'd by several of the principal Inhabitants of this Place, out of Gratitude for his well-known prudent Management for above forty Years, with Regard to the Regulations of the Diversions, the Accommodations of Persons resorting hither, and the general Good of the City.'

Was it not Balzac who wrote 'Où mènent les Mauvais Chemins?' Here, finally, is the epitaph of that 'Charming Betty Careless' whose name figures both in 'Amelia' and in the terrible Bedlam scene of 'The Rake's Progress':

'On Wednesday Evening last [April 22d] was buried from the Parish-House of Covent-Garden, Mrs. Careless, well known for many Years by the Name of *Betty Careless*, by the gay Gentlemen of the Town, of whose Money she had been the Occasion (as it is said) of spending upward of fifty thousand Pounds, tho' at last reduced to receive Alms from the Parish. Almost a certain Consequence attending Ladies in her unhappy Cast of Life.'

'CHINESE SHADOWS'

IN the latter half of the month of March 1779 the gaiety of London—to judge from the advertisement columns in the papers—does not seem to have been materially 'eclipsed' by the recent death of Garrick. Ranelagh, of course, still remained closed, and the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, although announced, was yet to come; but at Drury Lane they were playing, among other things, the 'School for Scandal,' with Colman's evergreen 'dramatick Novel' of 'Polly Honeycombe'; while Covent Garden was offering its audience a brand-new masque of 'Calypso' by Mr. Richard Cumberland. In the Haymarket, at the Theatre Royal, there was Handel's 'Acis and Galatea,' coupled with an Ode on 'Victory' inscribed to Admiral Keppel, recently acquitted by court-martial of allowing the French to get away off Ushant; at Hanover Square, Messrs. Abel and Bach ('English Bach,' to wit) were giving concerts; there were as-

semblies and *ridottos* at the Pantheon in Oxford Street and at Carlisle House in Soho Square; and at Freemasons' Hall Mr. Tootell, whose *clarum et venerabile nomen* has somehow escaped immortality, was notifying his Annual Ball. In Cockspur Street Mr. Breslaw was continuing his musical performances and sleight-of-hand; at Panton Street there were the Italian Fantoccini; and at Leicester House hard by—if you cared for a rather expensive entertainment—there was the curious Museum of Sir Ashton Lever. On the south side of St. James's Park, at the Cock-Pit Royal, you might, if you pleased, witness a main of cocks (Kent *v.* Essex: 'Ten Guineas a Battle and Two Hundred Guineas the Main'), and compare your impressions with the picture which William Hogarth had drawn of that absorbing national sport just twenty years before. And you might also, if opportunity offered, attend the entertainment referred to in the following passage from volume one of the recently published 'Francis Letters': '*Saturday*,'—which would be March 20, 1779,—'Sally and Betsy were invited and went to drink tea with Mrs. Goring and went to "Les Ombres Chinoises" with Mrs. and Miss Goring Mr. Goring and Mr. Wodsworth.' The writer was the wife of Philip Francis, and

Betsy and Sally were his daughters. But what were 'Les Ombres Chinoises'?

Piecing the particulars in the different advertisements, the answer is as follows. In March 1779 the multifarious Philip Astley—once a cabinet-maker, afterwards a corporal in Elliot's Light Horse, later still a circus-rider, and popularly reputed to be the handsomest man in England—had opened a New Amphitheatre Riding House at the foot of Westminster Bridge, where performances consisting of 'Feats of Activity and Agility of Body on Foot and Horseback' were, for the first time, given by candlelight. He had apparently more than one string to his bow, for, in combination with his notifications of his equestrian show, he frequently advertised another entertainment under the title of 'Les Ombres Chinoises; or, Astley's Various Exhibitions.' These took place in a room 'commodiously prepared' at No. 22 Piccadilly, near the end of the Haymarket, further to be distinguished as having 'a Pyramid of Lights over the Door,' and as being, in regard to its interior, 'illuminated with Wax, for the Reception of the Nobility, Gentry, and Others.' The bill seems to have been unusually varied. First came the 'Chinese Shadows,' being twelve acts, or comic scenes, with

the ensuing titles: 1. 'Diversions of a certain Public Garden [in Paris];' 2. 'The Beggar and his Wife;' 3. 'The Humourous Courtship; or, The Travelling Knifegrinder;' 4. 'The Sportsman; or, The Duck-Hunting;' 5. 'The Weaver; or, Militia Man, a Comic Opera;' 6. 'The Rope Dancer;' 7. 'The Cat; or, The Downfall of the Porridge Pot;' 8. 'The Lion Catchers;' 9. 'The Traveller Benighted, the Broken Bridge, or the Insolent Carpenter Rewarded;' 10. 'The Shipwreck, etc.;' 11. 'The Metamorphoses of a Magician;' and 12. 'A Hornpipe in a Surprising Manner.' Between the scenes there were dancing and fireworks. After the 'Chinese Shadows' came a Signor Rossignol, whose particular vanity it was to play a Concert on a Violin without Strings, and to 'julk,' warble and imitate the notes of various birds. He was assisted or succeeded by a Foreign Gentleman, unnamed, who performed on five instruments of music at once. Then Mr. Astley produced his 'two little Animals,' the 'Conjuring Horse' and the 'Learned Dog,' and further contributed to the amusement of the audience by a number of 'Droll Deceptions' on Cards, Letters, Thoughts, Numbers, Eggs, Apples, Caskets, Hours, Watches, and the like. These tricks, after the obliging man-

ner of modern wizards, he was kind enough to explain to the spectators. Such, then, was the entertainment witnessed in March 1779 by the Misses Francis and their friends.

The Bill of the Play, however, is not the play, and, like the 'droll deceptions,' will probably be no worse for a word of explanation. The manner of the 'Chinese Shadows' seems to have been on this wise. In place of the curtain in front of a miniature theatre was tightly strained a transparency of linen or oiled paper, more or less (and possibly less) elaborately painted with a scene. A few feet behind this was fixed a strong light, and between the transparency and the light were interposed tiny figures cut out in cardboard or leather, the shadows of which straightway appeared on the paper or linen. The figures were jointed; and were worked, with strings and other contrivances, by an unseen operator, who, at the same time, 'bade them discourse.' This they often did at great length, occasionally—as may be gathered from the sub-title of 'Comic Opera' appended to one of the above scenes—diversifying their proceedings by song. A description, dated 1816, of one of the most popular pieces, 'The Duck-Hunting' ('Chasse aux Canards'), shows that considerable mechanical proficiency must

have been attained. A boat containing the sportsman was punted upon the scene; the sportsman discharged his fowling-piece; the 'lethal lead' (*plomb meurtrier*) killed a duck, which toppled artistically from the welkin, and two more swam hurriedly away. 'After the "Opéra français"' —says a cynical contemporary—'I know no more interesting show for children: it lends itself to enchantments, to the marvellous, and to the most terrible catastrophes. If, for example, you desire the devil to carry away any one, the actor who plays the devil has only to jump over the light placed at the back of the transparency, and he will seem to fly away with his prey through the air.'

This quotation is borrowed from the 'Correspondance Littéraire' of Grimm, who wrote in August, 1770, at which date he speaks of the 'Ombres Chinoises' as a social amusement just invented in France (they were well known in Germany under the name of 'Schattenspiel,' and had long been familiar in Italy), which was likely to be stifled in its birth by the rage for those *proverbes* of which one reads in the chronicles of Mme. de Genlis. But, even upon Grimm's own showing, the introduction of the 'Ombres Chinoises' into France must have been much earlier than 1770,

since he speaks of a little piece, 'L'Heureuse Pêche,' as having been printed for the 'Ombres à Scènes Changeantes,' and represented *en société* towards the close of 1767. From this he augurs (cynically) that there will soon be an entire *théâtre* of these trifles, which, indeed, came to pass five years later, when an exhibitor named Ambroise opened a 'Théâtre des Récréations de la Chine,' where, by the way, or in Japan, the cradle of the *ombres* is to be sought. In addition to a sunrise with the regulation accessories, Ambroise advertised metamorphoses of a magician, evidently No. 11 of the Piccadilly programme; and it may be noted that even thus early the suitability of the entertainment

pour les petites filles
Dont on coupe le pain en tartines

is already insisted upon. 'The clergy,' adds the proprietor, 'can assist at my show, without scruple.'

The learned M. Charles Magnin, from whose curious 'Histoire des Marionnettes en Europe' some of these details are derived, asserts that Ambroise came over to London in June, 1776. This may be so. But he was undoubtedly here in June and July, 1777, when the 'Ombres

Chinoises' of Messrs. Brunn, *Ambrose*, and Gelmene were repeatedly advertised as to be seen at the Great Room in Panton Street. After a time they must have been combined with Breslaw's exhibition, for the notice becomes Breslaw, Brunn, and Ambrose. 'It is amazing,' says a contemporary paragraphist, 'to see the Numbers of the Nobility and Gentry that were present at Breslaw's and Brunn's Exhibition in Panton Street, Haymarket, for these two Nights past. . . . The "Ombres Chinoises," with several new beautiful Scenes, are absolutely the greatest Amusements that ever were exhibited in the Metropolis.'[1] Some of the scenes differ from those later exhibited by Astley. There are a Venice Dock Yard, a Spanish Bull Fight, House-breakers, and one or two other items which are new, but the remainder correspond generally with the later list. The dialogues and songs to all these pieces were in French. When they were transferred to London in 1779, they were at first given in French and English alternately. Eventually they were given in English alone, or in French only by special request. Ambroise, or Ambrose, does not appear to have relied exclusively upon his shadows, since he wound up by rope-dancing and marionnettes

[1] 'Public Advertiser,' June 21, 1777.

In the Advertisements of 1779 his name is not mentioned, and we hear of him no further.

The title of 'auteur et inventeur des Ombres Chinoises,' however, is not claimed for Ambroise, but for Séraphin, with whom they are more generally associated, and who made them permanently famous. Séraphin, or, more accurately, Séraphin-Dominique François, was a Lorrainer, born in 1747 at Longwy, in the Department of the Moselle. In 1772, after a wandering life on the Continent as a strolling player, he arrived at Versailles, and forthwith obtained permission to set up in the garden of the Hôtel Lannion (afterwards the site of No. 25 Rue Satory), a show 'of a novel kind, and up to that date little known in France,' which he had brought, in all probability, from Italy. Here is his rhymed invitation:

> Venez, garçon, venez, fillette,
> Voir Momus à la silhouette.
> Oui, chez Séraphin venez voir
> La belle humeur en habit noir.
> Tandis que ma salle est bien sombre,
> Et que mon acteur n'est que l'ombre,
> Puisse, Messieurs, votre gaîté
> Devenir la réalité.

At Versailles, to which place the presence of the Court attracted a large miscellaneous public,

Séraphin received a good deal of encouragement, arousing, among the rest, the curiosity of Marie Antoinette, who desired Cléry to make arrangements for three representations a week of the 'Ombres' during the Carnival. For each of these the exhibitor got 300 francs, having at first asked 1,200 and then 1,000. But he greatly amused the royal family, and, as a result, in 1781 was graciously authorised to describe his entertainment as 'Spectacle des Enfants de France.' In all his announcements he dwelt upon the variety of his programme, which, he declared, was never repeated twice running ('deux fois de suite on n'y voit pas la même chose'); and he dwelt also upon its strict decorum. 'Ce spectacle, où règne la gaîté,' ran the *affiche*, 'est toujours caractérisé par la décence.' It was the only theatrical representation, we learn elsewhere, to which Abbés could go in their cassocks.

In 1784, notwithstanding the vogue resulting from royal patronage, Séraphin migrated to Paris, taking up his abode in one of the stone galleries which Philip of Orleans (Philippe-Egalité) had recently constructed round the garden of the Palais-Royal, and his address on his bills became—'Palais Egalité, Galerie de Pierre, No. 121, du côté de la rue des Bons-Enfants.' In the Palais-

Royal he and his heirs after him remained for more than seventy years, or until 1858. He performed once daily, at six o'clock, and twice on Sundays and *fête* days. There is abundant evidence that the Théâtre Séraphin, as it came to be called, was very popular. 'Ce que l'on appelle le "petit peuple,"' says the 'Tableau du Palais-Royal,' 'ne va pas souvent aux "Ombres Chinoises;" mais, en revanche, le bon bourgeois, la bonne compagnie même, se donnent le plaisir. . . . Toutes ces petites scènes sont faites avec intelligence; on y rit beaucoup et cela suffit.' The price was twenty-four sols. There was no orchestra; but between the acts Mozin the elder played the harpsichord, while outside the attractions and beauties of the entertainment were proclaimed to the passers-by, with appropriate gesture and a strident voice, by one of Séraphin's staff, generally some comedian out at elbows who had fallen upon evil days.

A German visitor to Paris in 1789 classes the Théâtre Séraphin among 'the most ingenious performances he had ever seen.' But something depends upon the point of view, and this was not the opinion of the illustrious dramatist, Herr von Kotzebue, who, coming to the French capital in 1790, strayed into the 'Ombres Chinoises,' which,

as it was Christmas Day, was the sole show open. Like Walpole upon his first visit to Ranelagh, he does not seem to have 'found the joy of it,' and only remained a quarter of an hour. He had expected, he says, that the show would have been at the highest point of perfection. On the contrary, the room was crowded and miserable, the figures stiff and awkward, and the scenes coarse and bad. Then the strings which moved the actors' arms and legs were obtrusively perceptible. (This, by the way, seems always to have been a difficulty which, for a long time, the indulgence of the spectator was required to overcome.) But Kotzebue was evidently disposed to see even *silhouettes* too much *en noir*; and he may, besides, have been wounded in his national susceptibilities. For among the pieces represented was one in which a Russian woman laments to her friends that her husband no longer cares for her because for three months he has omitted to beat her. (This, in parenthesis, was evidently Guillemain's 'Femme battue et contente.') Thereupon arrives the husband, explaining apologetically that he had mislaid his stick. Having recovered it, he proceeds at once to 'dissemble his love,' and repair his culpable neglect in the old manner. 'C'est bien allemand,' said some one behind the

author of 'The Stranger,' and it must have been at this point that Herr von Kotzebue precipitately left the little *salle*.

As time went on, Séraphin found it necessary to modify and strengthen his programme. He added 'Pyrrhic and hydraulic fires;" he invoked the valuable aid of Polichinelle; he imported Gobemouche, a little black dog which bites the Devil when he comes to carry Polichinelle away. Moreover, 'at the express request of fathers and mothers of families,' he added, like Ambroise, a 'joli jeu de marionnettes.' In September, 1790, he transferred the enterprise to one Moreau, who did not succeed; and Séraphin resumed his office, while Moreau ungratefully set up a rival 'Comédiens de Bois' in what was afterwards the old 'Café des Aveugles.' Notwithstanding his Versailles antecedents, during the Revolution, Séraphin seems to have succumbed to what has been called the 'febrile effervescence of those sinister times,' and to have considerably leavened his exhibition with the prevailing patriotism. One of his scenes at this period bore the portentous name of 'La Démonseigneurisation.' Finally, in December, 1800, he himself became an *ombre* (not Chinoise). Some authorities speak of a *veuve* Séraphin; but the usually accurate M. Jal, in his 'Dictionnaire

Critique,' affirms that the originator of the 'Ombres Chinoises' was never distracted from his graver histrionic functions by the cares of husband and father. In any case, it was a nephew, Joseph François, who carried on the business in the Galerie de Valois.

Joseph-François Séraphin the Second was a rigorist and disciplinarian of some originality. In forty years he did not leave his show ten times, and when his own sister married one of his staff he made the happy pair play on that day like the rest. Further, it is stated that to the thinnest of audiences he always conscientiously went through the whole performance, without abridgment. He was succeeded by a son-in-law, who continued the show from 1844 to 1858, when it was transferred to the Boulevard Montmartre. But 'Tout s'use en ce bas monde,' and its decline had begun. It languished until 1870, and disappeared.

Not a few authors of more than average distinction worked for Séraphin's little stage. Several of the pieces were produced by a member of the family, Mlle. Pauline Séraphin; and the list of writers included a *savant* and librarian, M. Capperonnier, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, who is responsible for 'L'Ile des Perroquets' and 'Enée à Carthage.' Others were Guillemain, Dorvigny,

Gabiot de Salins, Maillé de Marencourt. Charles-Jacob Guillemain, the prolific author of some four hundred plays, and a meritorious person who supported three sisters by his pen, was also the most indefatigable librettist of the 'Ombres.' Séraphin paid him twelve francs per scene; and his 'Chasse aux Canards,' 'Magicien Rothomago,' 'Embarras du Ménage,' 'Entrepreneur de Spectacle,' and other efforts for the cardboard company had, it is alleged, a far longer run than his more ambitious productions for the Vaudeville and the Variétés-Amusantes. Dorvigny, whose Christian name was Louis, and who resembled, and was proud of resembling, Louis XV., was also a voluminous writer in both kinds. He it is who is credited with the already mentioned concession to the reigning ideas, 'Le Démonseigneurisation,' as also with 'Arlequin Corsaire' (afterwards 'Arlequin Patriote'), 'Les Caquets du Matin,' and 'Orphée aux Enfers.' In an anonymous volume, published at Lyons in 1875, is printed the text of the popular 'Pont-Cassé,' which is assigned indifferently to Guillemain and Dorvigny. With a brief summary of this we may close our chronicle. The transparency is described as exhibiting a landscape traversed by a river, over which is a bridge with a broken central arch. At the right

stands an inn with a sign. Upon the same side shortly arrives a *petit bonhomme* (lad), who begins to work vigorously at the bridge with a pick. To him, from the other side, enters hurriedly a traveller, who, by his oaths, should be a Gascon. He calls across to know if the river is deep. The lad, impudent by nature, and secure in what he regards as an impregnable position, replies irrelevantly by singing:

Les cailloux touchent à la terre,
Lire lire laire!
Les cailloux touchent à la terre,
Lire lon pha!

Asked again whether the river is fordable, he returns ironically, 'Why not?'

Les canards l'ont bien passée,
Lire lire laire!
Les canards l'ont bien passée,
Lire lon pha!

which is obviously nothing to the point. He continues to 'cheek' his interlocutor, much after the fashion of the 'Artful Dodger' in 'Oliver Twist,' replying, among other things, to an inquiry as to his name—

Je m'appelle comme mon père,
Lire lire laire!

The *esprit gaulois* increases with the progress of the dialogue. At last a timely boat enables the exasperated traveller to cross the stream 'unbeknown' to the 'petit gas,' upon whom he presently inflicts condign chastisement. Whether Guillemain or Dorvigny wrote this—which Magnin terms *la pièce classique des* 'Ombres Chinoises' —it has been noted that it is not without resemblance to a time-honoured *fabliau* in Jubinal's edition of the works of the *trouvère* Rutebeuf. Further, that M. Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, who is supposed to have suffered from borrowers, has himself made use of this very *fabliau* in act ii. sc. 2, of his comedy of 'Le Pédant joué.'

'DEAR MRS. DELANY.'

MARY GRANVILLE, later Mrs. Pendarves, and eventually Mrs. Delany, was certainly blessed with length of days. She was born in May, 1700—some twenty-one months before Sorrel stumbled over a mole-hill at Hampton Court, and broke the collar-bone of William the Deliverer. She died in April, 1788, under the third of the Georges,—only a few weeks after the opening of the interminable trial of Warren Hastings. Many events, many changes, in those five reigns, and eight and eighty years.

It was the period of Marlborough's famous campaigns in Flanders; it was the period of the two Jacobite risings; of the Seven Years' War; of the struggle for American Independence; of the 'No Popery' riots of '80. When Mary Granville was a child, people were reading the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' in full-bottomed periwigs and elaborate 'heads'; at the date of her death the great 'Times' itself was being perused

by a generation with frizzed hair and pigtails. In her girlhood, she had devoured the 'vast French romances, neatly gilt' of the 'Rape of the Lock'; as a middle-aged woman, in place of the Scudérys and Calprenédes, she was absorbed by the newer methods of Richardson and Fielding; and she survived to study a fresh variety of fiction in the 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia' of Frances Burney. The fashionable painters of her youth were Vanderbank and Charles Jervas; she outlasted the entire artistic career of William Hogarth (who helped to teach her drawing); and when at length her own end came, Reynolds and Gainsborough were not far from theirs.

During the earlier half of her lifetime, Pope reigned paramount in poetry, and Milton was practically forgotten: during the latter half, people were beginning to forget Pope, and to remember Milton. Cowper, and Blake, and Burns were writing: the Romantic revival was in the air. And not only was Mrs. Delany co-existent with notabilities; but she was personally acquainted with many of them. She corresponded with Swift; she was intimate with Handel, and Garrick, and Horace Walpole; she knew Wesley and Hannah More; she knew the erudite Mrs. Montagu and the aristocratic Mrs. Boscawen,

She was the playmate and associate of Matthew Prior's 'Kitty,' Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry and Dover; she was the lifelong ally of his 'Peggy,' Margaret Cavendish Harley, Duchess of Portland; she was own cousin to the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and she was the 'Dear Mrs. Delany' of 'great George' himself and his consort Queen Charlotte. Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale she did not know, and apparently did not desire to know. Yet it is the Doctor who has preserved what another of her friends, Edmund Burke, had been heard to affirm in her favour. She was (declared Burke) 'a truly great woman of fashion,' and 'not only the woman of fashion of the present age, but the highest bred woman in the world, and the woman of fashion of all ages.'

For this comprehensive, and yet imperfect commendation,—for Mary Delany was something more than a mere *grande dame*,—she had one indispensable qualification, good birth. Among her ancestors she numbered that heroic Sir Richard Grenville of Kingsley's 'Westward Ho' and Tennyson's 'Revenge,' and his scarcely less illustrious grandson, the Royalist Sir Bevil, who has been sung by Hawker of Morwenstow. Her paternal uncle was George, Lord Lansdowne,

that 'Granville, the polite,' for whom ('*non injussa cano*') Pope rhymed 'Windsor Forest.' As her father was a younger son, and consequently a poor man, she was brought up at Whitehall by an aunt, Lady Stanley, one of Queen Mary's maids of honour, and to be a maid of honour she too was at first destined, Queen Anne herself putting down her name for that distinction. But at seventeen another vocation in life was found for her in a queer *mariage de convenance*, her suitor being an old friend of Lord Lansdowne, Mr. William Pendarves of Roscrow, in Cornwall. In addition to the drawback of being nearly sixty, Mr. Pendarves had several eighteenth-century characteristics which were scarcely recommendations. He was as fat as Parson Trulliber; as red-faced as Addison's Tory Fox-hunter; as gouty as Lord Chalkstone; and, after wedlock, seems to have contracted or developed the objectionable custom of coming drunk to bed which was observed by Farquhar's Squire Sullen, whom, indeed, he very generally resembled. But 'Granville, the polite' favoured his advances, going as far even as to hint that he would have a rival suitor dragged through the horse-pond; and, in 1717, much against her will, Mary Granville was united to her 'Gromio,' as she calls him. He, in due time,

transferred his bride to a ruinous and Radcliffian castle in Cornwall. Apart from the detail that he was 'furiously jealous,' and, as already stated, habitually intemperate, he does not seem to have treated his wife harshly. But when in 1724, he died suddenly, she can scarcely have honestly regretted him, since, against all precedent in such cases, he left her poor.

Born as she had been with the century, she was still young at her first husband's death. Already, and even during his lifetime, she had not wanted for admirers, nor did she lack them in her early widowhood. One of her suitors was Lord Baltimore; another Lord Tyrconnel. In 1730, she and her sister Anne, under the style of Aspasia and Selina, carried on a religious flirtation with John Wesley (Cyrus), who had not yet started for Georgia, or experienced the fascinations of the storekeeper's niece at Savannah. Some of Wesley's biographers, indeed, are disposed to think that it would not have taken much to have transformed Mrs. Pendarves into Mrs. Wesley. But her matrimonial experiences had not been encouraging, and for the present she seems to have preferred to a fresh connection the freedom of a modest income and an increasing circle of friends. She was fond of drawing and painting

(she executed a charming large-eyed picture of the Duchess of Queensberry); and she was a genuine lover of good music, including that unpopular Italian opera against which her master Hogarth had pointed his sharpest etching-needle.[1] In 1731 she went with Mrs. Donnellan to Ireland where she stayed at St. Stephen's Green with the Bishop of Killala and his wife, and made acquaintance with Swift, and Swift's friend, Dr. Delany. Swift seems at once to have admitted her to that select circle of intellectual women whom it pleased him to lecture, pet and patronise, and he wrote to her not unfrequently, both during her stay in Ireland, and after her return to England. 'He [Swift] calls himself *my master*, and corrects me when I speak bad English, or do not pronounce my words distinctly,' she says. Of her spelling he must be held to have approved, since he does not condemn it. Indeed, he admits that since he was young, there had been a great improvement in this respect. 'A woman of

[1] About Hogarth she has a very characteristic passage in a letter to her sister Anne of July 13th, 1731: 'Hogarth has promised to give me some instructions about drawing that will be of great use—some rules of his own that he says will improve me more in a day than a year's learning in the common way.'

quality, who had *excellent* good sense, was formerly my correspondent, but she scrawled and spelt like a Wapping wench, having been brought up in a Court at a time before reading was thought of any use to a female; and I know *several* others of *very high quality* with the same defect.' Like the Duchess of Queensberry, Mrs. Delany seems to have endeavoured to persuade Swift to come to England, and particularly to Bath,—Bath so conveniently compact in its comforts and amusements as contrasted with London, where, owing to its 'enormous size,' you must spend above half the day in going from one place to another. This was in April, 1736 (when, as she notes, Fielding was playing 'Pasquin' to overflowing audiences); and five-and-thirty years later, we shall find Mr. Matthew Bramble making much the same complaint in 'Humphry Clinker.' 'Pimlico and Knightsbridge,' he says, 'are almost joined to Chelsea and Kensington; and if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered by brick.' What would they say now, these good people, to the London of to-day! Large or small, however, Swift was not to be lured from the Ireland he hated. 'I cannot make shifts,' he had said a little earlier, 'lie rough, and be undone by starving in

scanty lodgings, without horses, servants, or conveniences.' 'My sickness and years make it impossible for me to live at London,' he says elsewhere. 'I must have three horses, as many servants, and a large house, neither can I live without constant wine, while my poor revenues are sinking every day.' At this time his deafness and giddiness, as well as other serious ailments, were increasing; and before many months were past, his affairs were in the hands of trustees. After the beginning of 1736 no more letters came to Mrs. Pendarves from the correspondent of whom she had been so proud; and the only other reference to him that need be noted here relates to his aspect not long before his death nine years later. His mental state rendered him a pitiable sight, though his personal appearance—as is often the case—had improved with the progress of his malady. From increasing stoutness, the hard lines had faded from his face, and his long silver hair and comely countenance made him a 'very venerable figure.'

As already stated, one of the acquaintances Mrs. Pendarves had made in Ireland was Swift's friend and subsequent biographer, Dr. Patrick Delany. It was indeed at Dr. Delany's that she first met Swift, who was a regular attendant

there on the doctor's reception Thursdays, and she seems to have been early attracted by Delany's wit, learning and social qualities. 'Dr. Delany is as agreeable a companion as ever I met with, and one who condescends to converse with women, and treat them like reasonable creatures,' she writes. 'These [she had just been speaking of Mr. Wesley, of Dangan, afterwards Baron Mornington, and grandfather of the Duke of Wellington] are the sort of men I find myself inclined to like, and wish I had such a set in England.' A short time before she had written: 'Last Sunday I went to hear Doctor Delany preach, and was extremely pleased with him. His sermon was on the duties of wives to husbands, a subject of no great use to me at present. He has an easy, pathetical manner of preaching that pleases me mightily.' At this time Delany was married. But some years later he lost his wife; and eighteen months after that occurrence, in April, 1743, he proposed to Mrs. Pendarves. He was then fifty-nine, and she was nearing forty-three. He made his offer in an exceedingly manly and straightforward manner. As to his circumstances he said: 'I have a good clear income for my life; a trifle to settle, which I am only ashamed to offer, a good house (as houses go

in our part of the world), moderately furnished, a good many books, a pleasant garden (better, I believe, than when you saw it), etc. Would to God I might have leave to lay them all at your feet.' Although by her family the matter seems to have been covertly regarded as rather a *mésalliance*, she married him in the following June. Then after a round of visits, they took up residence in Clarges Street, pending their return to Ireland and the obtaining of preferment for 'D. D.' [Delany]—a task in which his wife seems to have been very laudably active.

Equipped with an admiring husband, and assured of a definite establishment, this is, perhaps, the best moment to attempt some description of Mrs. Delany herself. In her picture by Opie in the National Portrait Gallery, the frame of which was designed by Horace Walpole, she appears as a serene and dignified old lady, who, in her prime, must have possessed remarkable personal attractions, as indeed the number and assiduity of her admirers sufficiently testify. She had an excellent figure, beautiful shining hair which curled naturally, a fine red and white complexion which owed nothing to art, and a very sweet smile. Of her eyes, her enthusiastic second husband declared 'that he could never tell the colour,' but to the

best of his belief, 'they were what Solomon calls "dove's eyes,"' and he adds that 'she was almost the only woman he ever saw whose lips were scarlet and her bloom beyond expression.' For her time, besides being an expert and indefatigable needlewoman, she must have been unusually well educated; and one of her first enterprises after her second marriage, was to turn 'Paradise Lost' into an oratorio for Handel. 'She read and wrote two languages correctly and judiciously.' She was 'a mistress of her pen in every art to which a pen could be applied. She wrote a fine hand in the most masterly manner, and she designed with amazing correctness and skill.' This was written in 1757. But it was only after the death of her affectionate panegyrist that she developed her crowning accomplishment, the famous 'paper Mosaiks' now in the Print Room of the British Museum, to which they were bequeathed by the late Lady Llanover. These she commenced, she says, in her seventy-fourth year, and she continued to work at them to within five years of her death. Briefly described, her method consisted in the minute piecing together of coloured paper cut so as to produce accurate imitations of flowers and plants. In this art she attained a proficiency so extraordinary as to deserve not

only the admiration of Walpole and Reynolds, but of botanists such as Banks and Erasmus Darwin. Failing inspection of the work itself, those who wish for a further account of Mrs. Delany's achievements in this way, cannot do better than consult a charming *réverie* on the subject contributed to 'Temple Bar' for December, 1897, by Mrs. Edmund Gosse.

This, however, is somewhat to anticipate, as the famous paper flora was the recreation of Mrs. Delany's widowed old age; and she had a long period of wedded happiness as the wife of Swift's amiable biographer. A bishopric she did not succeed in obtaining for him; but she got him made Dean of Down. Henceforth her life was spent between Delville[1] (Dr. Delany's villa near

[1] Delville, as regards its *façade* at all events, remained, as late as 1895, unchanged since the days of Swift. The little temple or portico ('Stella's Bower') with its motto *Fastigia despicit urbis*, had then been rebuilt, but in the form it originally bore when it contained the mural medallion of Esther Johnson attributed to Mrs. Delany, by whom the ceilings of the house were also decorated with the shell-work referred to in the text. 'To her, perhaps,' says Sir Henry Craik, 'is due the device of the star (Stella) that is inlaid in marble on the floor of almost every room: as well as the star-shaped window in the little

Dublin, rich with its memories of Swift and Stella), the Deanery at Down, and annual visits to England where her old aristocratic friends and particularly the Duchesses of Queensberry and Portland welcomed her eagerly. Her ceaseless industry always kept her pleasantly busy. Now she is arranging the Welbeck miniatures ('such Petitots! such Olivers! and such Coopers!'); now she is painting a Madonna and Child for the chapel at Down, or making shell-flowers for its ceiling; now knotting, in 'sugar plum' work, interminable chair covers and decorations for Delville whose tapestries and mirrors and marble tables and Japan chests afford her all the pleasures of a proprietor. Then there are long evening readings which give an idea of her likes and dislikes. For Sunday there is Berkeley's 'Alciphron,' while of week days Carte's 'Life of Ormonde,' or Robertson's 'History of Scotland,' is a good standing dish. Sophocles, and Mrs. Carter's 'Epictetus' come in as *hors d'œuvres*. Of Chesterfield's 'Œconomy of Life' she approves 'all but the chapter on Love' (which, be it said in parenthesis, is harmless to insipidity). Her favourite novelist is Richardson; and his 'Clarissa,' till

oratory, which opens off what was then the library' ('Life of Jonathan Swift,' 1882, 435 n.).

'Grandison' comes out, her favourite novel. Re-reading it, in 1750, she says 'I am now as deeply engaged with "Clarissa" as when I first was acquainted with her, and admire her more and more: I am astonished at the author; his invention, his fine sentiments, strong sense, lively wit, and, above all, his exalted piety and *excellent design* in the whole.' Another much discussed work is not unnaturally Orrery's 'Life of Swift,' the errors and ineptitudes of which prompted her husband's own subsequent book on the subject. As perhaps might be expected, Fielding finds little favour with the Delville party. 'We are reading Mr. Fielding's "Amelia,"' writes Mrs. Delany in January, 1752. 'Mrs. Don[nellan] and I don't like it at all; D. D. [the Dean] won't listen to it. It has more a moral design than either appears in "Joseph Andrews" or "Tom Jones," but has not so much humour: it neither makes one laugh nor cry, though there are some very dismal scenes described, but there is something wanting to make them touching. Our next important reading will be "Betsy Thoughtless" [Mrs. Haywood's]; I wish Richardson would publish his *good man*, and put all these frivolous authors out of countenance.' Frivolous is certainly not the right word for Fielding; and

one resents the bracketing with 'Amelia' of the very second-rate 'Betsy Thoughtless.' But Mrs. Donnellan was the favourite correspondent to whom Richardson decried his rival; and Mrs. Delany's sister, Mrs. Dewes, was another of the circle of admirers who were honoured with the good printer's epistles. Imperfect sympathy with Fielding is therefore to be anticipated; and we know besides, from Fielding himself, that his last novel was but coldly received by the fashionable world.[1] Another of the Delville antipathies is however more difficult to comprehend. 'The Dean,' says his lady in April, 1760, 'is indeed very angry with the author of "Tristram Shandy," and those who do not condemn the work as it deserves; it *has not* [entered?] and *will not* enter this house, especially now your account is added to a very bad one we had heard before.' Again, 'D. D. is not a little offended with Mr. Sterne; his book is read here as in London, and diverts more than it offends.' Why Dr. Delany, who had been the intimate friend of Swift in his last days, should have drawn so hard a line at Sterne, of whose masterpiece, moreover, only two volumes

[1] See pp. 75-76 of the paper in this volume on 'The Covent-Garden Journal.'

had appeared, is a point which requires elucidation.

On May 6, 1768, Dr. Delany died, in his eighty-fourth year, and was buried at Delville. By this time his widow was sixty-eight. The last years of her married life had not been without cares arising from law-suits and the failing health of her husband, after whose death, the Duchess of Portland carried her off for a long visit to Bulstrode in Bucks, and ultimately persuaded her to settle permanently among her friends in London. This she did first in Thatched House Court, Little St. James Street; and, from December, 1771, in St. James's Place, where seventeen years later she died. She was buried in her parish church of St. James's, where still may be read Bishop Hurd's inscription testifying to her 'singular ingenuity and politeness' and her 'unaffected piety.' Hurd was a dry word-picker and precisian; but these particular epithets are not ill-chosen. Among Mrs. Delany's chief attractions must certainly have been her many accomplishments; and it was no doubt owing to her unvarying amiability and well-bred amenity that she was such an universal favourite. One feels that she must have been good to look at and to live with; and that she must have represented in all

its soothing perfection that leisured and measured old-world mode of address and conversation which has departed with the advent of telegrams and snap-shot portraits. It is easy to conceive her as the 'Dear Mrs. Delany' of her environment, —as the handsome and wonderful old lady whom every one delighted to fondle and make much of (including the Royal Family!); who was so sympathetic and so lovable, and whose endless fund of anecdotes of Swift and Pope, coupled with her extraordinary achievements in needlework and cut paper (at her *age* too!) made her almost a curiosity. Nor must it be forgotten that, besides being cultivated and accomplished when these things were rare, she seems to have also been what was rarer still, a woman of unblemished character in a decidedly difficult society, and after an unobtrusive fashion sincerely religious.

Her life has been said to have more of anecdote —in the Johnsonian sense—than actual incident. Nevertheless the two series of her 'Autobiography and Correspondence,' as edited by the late Lady Llanover, occupy no fewer than six bulky volumes.[1] Apart from the gradual dis-

[1] Some of the quotations in this paper are from unpublished letters cited in the pleasant 'Memoir' of Mrs.

closure of the singularly composed and even-blooded nature to which we have above referred, they abound in valuable details of the social life of the eighteenth century. But their material is by no means of the kind which can be lightly summarised in a short paper. There are too many names and too many occurrences to be scheduled effectively. Here it is a little picture of Rousseau's anti-chamber at Paris, 'filled w^th^ bird-cages,' and guarded by Thérèse Levasseur, vigilant to protect *mon Mari* from inconvenient visitors; here a reference to Handel's blindness, or Mrs. Woffington's admirable acting of Lady Townly, despite her 'disagreeable voice' and 'ungainly' arms, or Mrs. Montagu's 'Room of Cupidons' at Hill Street, which must have been even more remarkable than the famous 'Feather Hangings,' of which Cowper was the laureate. 'How such a *genius* at her *age*, and so *circumstanced*, could think of painting the walls of her dressing-room with bowers of roses and jessamins entirely inhabited by little Cupids in all their little wanton ways, is astonishing!' Another page shall give you an excellent report of a visit to Garrick at Hampton, with a drinking of tea in Shakespeare's

Delany published in 1900 by the lady whose pseudonym is George Paston.

temple, under Roubillac's statue, and in close proximity to the famous Stratford chair designed by Hogarth; or a description of a *fête champêtre* at Lord Stanley's, worthy to pair off with Walpole's *festinos* at Strawberry or with that notable entertainment given by Miss Pelham at Esher Place to his Grace the Duc de Nivernais. Not the least interesting of the records, as may be anticipated, relate to bygone pastimes and costumes, in which latter the vagaries of the Duchess of Kingston naturally find a mention. In October, 1772, she was flaunting it in 'a sack sometimes white, sometimes other colours, trimmed with roses of ribbon, in each a large diamond, no cap, and diamonds in her hair, and some gewgaws hovering over head; a tucker edged with diamonds, a little twist with a jewel dangling, and no more of a tippet than serves to make her fair bosom conspicuous rather than to hide it.' Elsewhere there is an account of Lady Coventry's coiffure, 'a French cap that just covered the top of her head, of blond, and stood in the form of a butterfly, with its wings not quite extended, frilled sort of lappets crossing under her chin, and tied with pink and green ribbon—a head-dress that would have charmed a *shepherd*!' Some of the designs described are extraordinary.

That the Duchess of Queensberry's attire should have successfully simulated a landscape, with 'brown hills,' tree-stumps gilded by the sunlight, and other picturesque accessories, is quite in keeping with what we know of the lady whom Walpole named 'Sa Singularité.' We must, however, invite the reader to guess to whom the following extract refers: 'Her petticoat was black velvet embroidered with chenille, the pattern a *large stone vase* filled with *ramping flowers* [the italics, as always, are in the original] that spread almost over a breadth . . . from the bottom to the top; between each vase of flowers was a pattern of gold shells, and foliage embossed and most heavily rich.' '*Je vous le donne en quatre, je vous le donne en dix, je vous le donne en cent*,'—as Mme. de Sévigné would say. The person who sported this 'most laboured piece of finery' was Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, afterwards the respected head of a special Methodist connection, with George Whitefield to her Chaplain.

THE 'VICAR OF WAKEFIELD' AND ITS ILLUSTRATORS.

NOT many years since, *à propos* of a certain volume of epistolary parodies, the paragraphists were busily discussing the different aspects which the characters of fiction present to different readers. It was shown that, not only as regards the fainter and less strongly drawn figures—the Frank Osbaldistones, the Clive Newcomes, the David Copperfields—but even as regards what Gautier would have called 'the grotesques'—the Costigans, the Swivellers, the Gamps,—each admirer, in his separate 'study of imagination,' had his own idea, which was not that of another. What is true of the intellectual perception, is equally true of the pictorial. Nothing is more notable than the diversities afforded by the same book when illustrated by different artists. Contrast for a moment the Don Quixote of Smirke, of Tony Johannot, of Gustave Doré; contrast the Falstaffs of Kenny Meadows, of Sir John

Gilbert, of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. Or, to take a better instance, compare the contemporary illustrations of Dickens with the modern designs of (say) Charles Green or Frederick Barnard. The variations, it will at once be manifest, are not the mere variations arising from ampler resource or from fuller academic skill on the part of the later men. It is not alone that they have conquered the inner secret of Du Maurier's artistic stumbling-blocks—the irreconcilable chimney-pot hat, the 'terrible trousers,' the unspeakable evening clothes of the era: it is that their point of view is different. Nay, in the case of Barnard, one of the first, if not the first, of recent humorous designers, although he was studiously loyal to the Dickens tradition as revealed by 'Phiz' and Cruikshank, he was at the same time as unlike them as it is well possible to be. To this individual and personal attitude of the artist must be added, among other things, the further fact that each age has a trick of investing the book it decorates with something of its own temperament and atmosphere. It may faithfully endeavour to revive costume; it may reproduce accessory with the utmost care; but it can never look with the old eyes, or see exactly in the old way. Of these positions, the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is as good an example

as any. Between its earlier illustrated editions and those of the last fifty years the gulf is wide; while the portraits of Dr. Primrose as presented by Rowlandson on the one hand and Stothard on the other are as strikingly in contrast as any of the cases above indicated. It will add what is practically a fresh chapter to a hackneyed history if for a page or two we attempt to give some account of Goldsmith's story considered exclusively in its aspect as an illustrated book.

To the first edition of 1766 there were no illustrations. The two *duodecimo* volumes 'on grey paper with blunt type,' printed at Salisbury in that year 'by B. Collins, for F. Newbery,' were without embellishments of any kind; and the sixth issue of 1779 had been reached before we come to the earliest native attempt at pictorial realisation of the characters. In the following year appeared the first illustrated English edition, being two tiny booklets bearing the imprint of one J. Wenman, of 144 Fleet Street, and containing a couple of poorly-executed frontispieces by the miniaturist, Daniel Dodd. They represent the 'Vicar taking leave of George' and 'Olivia and the Landlady'—a choice of subjects in which the artist had many subsequent imitators. The designs have little distinction but that of priority,

and can claim no higher merit than attaches to the cheap adornments of a cheap publication. Dodd is seen to greater advantage in one of the two plates which, about the same date, figured in Harrison's 'Novelist's Magazine,' and also in the *octavo* edition of the 'Vicar' printed for the same publisher in 1781. These plates have the pretty, old-fashioned ornamental framework which the elder Heath and his colleagues had borrowed from the French vignettists. Dodd illustrates the episode of the pocket-book, while his companion Walker, at once engraver and designer, selects the second rescue of Sophia at the precise moment when Burchell's 'great stick' has shivered the small sword of Mr. Timothy Baxter. Walker's design is the better of the two; but their main interest is that of costume-pieces, and in both the story is told by gesture rather than by expression.

So natural is it to associate the grace of Stothard with the grace of Goldsmith, that one almost resents the fact that, in the collection for which he did so much, the task of illustrating the 'Vicar' fell into other hands. But as his first relations with Harrison's Magazine originated in an application made to him to correct a drawing by Dodd for 'Joseph Andrews,'[1] it is probable that, before

[1] Pye's 'Patronage of British Art,' 1845, pp. 247-248.

he began to work regularly for the publisher, the plates for the 'Vicar' had already been arranged for. Yet it was not long before he was engaged upon the book. In 1792[1] was published an *octavo* edition, the plates of which were beautifully engraved by Basire's pupil and Blake's partner, James Parker. Stothard's designs, six in number, illustrate the 'Vicar taking leave of George,' the 'Rescue of Sophia from Drowning,' the 'Honeysuckle Arbour,' the 'Vicar and Olivia,' the 'Prison Sermon,' and the 'Family Party' at the end. The best of them, perhaps, is that in which Olivia's father, with an inexpressible tenderness of gesture, lifts the half-sinking, half-kneeling form of his repentant daughter. But though none can be said to be wanting in that grace which is the unfailing characteristic of the artist, upon the whole they are not *chefs-d'œuvre*. Certainly they are not as good as the best of the 'Clarissa' series in Harrison; they are not even better than the illustrations to Sterne, the originals of which are at South Kensington. Indeed, there is at South Kensington a circular composition by Stothard from the 'Vicar'

[1] An imaginary frontispiece portrait of the Vicar, prefixed to a one-volume issue of 1790, has not been here regarded as entitling the book to rank as an 'illustrated edition.' There is no artist's name to the print.

—a lightly-washed sketch in Indian ink—which surpasses them all. The moment selected is obscure ; but the persons represented are plainly the Wakefield family, Sir William Thornhill, and the 'Squire. The 'Squire is speaking, Olivia hides her face in her mother's lap, Dr. Primrose listens with bent head, and the *ci-devant* Mr. Burchell looks sternly at his nephew. The entire group, which is admirable in refinement and composition, has all the serene gravity of a drawing by Flaxman. Besides the above, and a pair of plates to be mentioned presently, Stothard did a set of twenty-four minute headpieces to a Memorandum Book for 1805 (or thereabouts), all of which were derived from Goldsmith's novel ; and these probably do not exhaust his efforts in this direction.

After the Stothard of 1792 comes a succession of editions more or less illustrated. In 1793 Cooke published the 'Vicar' in his 'Select Novels,' with a vignette and plate by R. Corbould, and a plate by Anker Smith. The last, which depicts 'Olivia rejecting with disdain the offer of a Purse of Money from 'Squire Thornhill,' is not only a dainty little picture, but serves to exemplify some of the remarks at the outset of this paper. Seven-and-twenty years later, the same design

was re-engraved as the frontispiece to an edition published by Dean and Munday, and the costumes were modernised to date. The 'Squire Thornhill of 1793 has a three-cornered hat and ruffles; in 1820 he wears whiskers, a stiff cravat with a little collar, and a cocked hat set athwartships. Olivia, who disdained him in 1793 in a cap and sash, disdains him in 1820 in her own hair and and a high waist. Corbould's illustrations to these volumes are commonplace. But he does better in the five plates which he supplied to Whittingham's edition of 1800, three of which, the 'Honeysuckle Arbour,' 'Moses starting on his Journey,' and 'Olivia and the Landlady,' are pleasant enough. In 1808 followed an edition with a charming frontispiece by Stothard, in which the Vicar with his arm in a sling is endeavouring to reconcile Mrs. Primrose to Olivia. There is also a vignette by the same hand. These, engraved at first by Heath, were repeated in 1813 by J. Romney. In the same year the book appeared in the 'Mirror of Amusement,' with three plates by that artistic Jack-of-all-trades, William Marshall Craig, sometime drawing-master to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. There are also editions in 1812, 1823, and 1824 with frontispieces by the Academician, Thomas Uwins.

But, as an interpreter of Goldsmith, the painter of the once-popular 'Chapeau de Brigand' is not inspiriting.

In following the line of engravers on copper, soon to be superseded by steel, we have neglected the sister art of engraving upon wood, of which the revival is practically synchronous with Harrison's Magazine. The first edition of the 'Vicar,' decorated with what Horace Walpole contemptuously called 'wooden cuts,' is dated 1798. It has seven designs, three of which are by an unknown person called Eginton, and the remainder by Thomas Bewick, by whom all of them are engraved. Eginton may be at once dismissed; but Bewick's own work, notwithstanding his genuine admiration for Goldsmith, arouses no particular enthusiasm. He was too original to be the illustrator of other men's work, and his designs, though fair specimens of his technique, are poor as artistic conceptions. The most successful is the 'Procession to Church,' the stubbornness of Blackberry, as may be imagined, being effectively rendered. Frontispieces by Bewick also appear in editions of 1810 and 1812; and between 1807 and 1810 the records speak of three American issues with woodcuts by Bewick's trans-Atlantic imitator, Alexander Anderson,

Whether these were or were not merely copies of Bewick, like much of Anderson's work, cannot be affirmed without inspection. Nor, for the same reason, is it possible to speak with certainty of the edition illustrated by John Thurston and engraved by Bewick's pupil, Luke Clennell, of which W. J. Linton speaks in his 'Masters of Wood Engraving' as containing a '"Mr. Burchell in the hayfield reading to the two Primrose girls," full of drawing and daylight,' which should be worth seeing. But the triumph of woodcut copies at this date is undoubtedly the so-called 'Whittingham's edition' of 1815. This is illustrated by thirty-seven woodcuts and tailpieces engraved by the prince of modern wood-engravers, John Thompson. The artist's name has been modestly withheld, and the designs are sometimes attributed to Thurston, though they are not entirely in his manner. In any case, they are unpretending little pieces, simple in treatment, and sympathetic in character. The 'Vicar following the Strolling Company's Cart,' the 'Vicar consoled by his little Boys,' and the 'Two Girls and the Fortune-teller,' may be cited as favourable examples. But the scale is too small for much play of expression. 'Whittingham's edition' was very popular, and copies are by no means rare. It was

certainly republished in 1822 and 1825, and probably there are other issues. And so we come to that most extraordinary of contributions by a popular designer to the embellishment of a popular author, the 'Vicar' of Rowlandson.

Rowlandson was primarily a caricaturist, and his 'Vicar' is a caricature. He was not without artistic power; he could, if he liked, draw a beautiful woman (it is true that his ideal generally deserves those epithets of *plantureux*, *luxuriant*, *exubérant* which the painter in 'Gerfaut' gives to the charms of Mlle. Reine Gobillot); but he did not care to modify his ordinary style. Consequently he has illustrated Goldsmith's masterpiece as he illustrated Combe's 'Doctor Syntax,' and the result is a pictorial outrage. The unhappy Primrose family romp through his pages, vulgarised by all sorts of indignities, and the reader reaches the last of the 'twenty-four coloured plates' which Ackermann put forth in 1817, and again in 1823, as one escaping from a nightmare. It is only necessary to glance at Stothard's charming little plate of 'Hunt the Slipper' in Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory' of 1802 to see how far from the Goldsmith spirit is Rowlandson's treatment of the same pastime. Where he is most endurable, is where his designs

to the 'Vicar' have the least relation to the personages of the book, as, for example, in 'A Connoisseur Mellowing the Tone of a Picture,' which is simply a humorous print neither better nor worse than any of the other humorous prints with which he was wont to fill the windows of the 'Repository of Arts' in Piccadilly.

It is a relief to turn from the coarse rotundities of Rowlandson to the edition which immediately followed—that known to collectors as Sharpe's. It contains five illustrations by Richard Westall, engraved on copper by Corbould, Warren, Romney, and others. Westall's designs are of the school of Stothard—that is to say, they are graceful and elegant rather than humorous; but they are most beautifully rendered by their engravers. The 'Honeysuckle Arbour' (George Corbould), where the girls lean across the table to watch the labouring stag as it pants past, is one of the most brilliant little pictures we can remember. In 1829, William Finden re-engraved the whole of these designs on steel, slightly reducing them in size, and the merit of the two methods may be compared. It is hard to adjudge the palm. Finden's fifth plate especially, depicting 'Sophia's return to the Vicar in Prison,' is a miracle of executive *finesse*.

Goldsmith's next illustrators of importance are Cruikshank and Mulready. The contributions of the former are limited to two plates for vol. x. (1832) of Roscoe's 'Novelist's Library.' They are not successes. The kindly Genius of Broadgrin is hardly as vulgar as Rowlandson, but his efforts to make his subject 'comic,' at all hazards, are not the less disastrous, and there is little of the Vicar, or Mrs. Primrose, or even Moses, in the sketch with which he illustrates the tragedy of the gross of green spectacles; while the most salient characteristic of the somewhat more successful 'Hunt the Slipper' is the artist's inveterate tendency to make the waists of his women (in the words of Pope's imitation of Prior) 'fine by defect, and delicately weak.' Mulready's designs (1843), excellently interpreted by John Thompson, have a far greater reputation,—a reputation heightened not a little by the familiar group of pictures which he elaborated from three of the sketches. 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' the 'Whistonian Controversy,' and 'Sophia and Burchell Haymaking,' with their unrivalled rendering of texture and material, are among the painter's most successful works in oil; and it is the fashion to speak of his illustrated 'Vicar' as if all of its designs were at the same artistic level. This is scarcely the case.

Some of them, *e.g.* 'Olivia measuring herself with the 'Squire,' have playfulness and charm; but the majority, besides being crowded in composition, are heavy and unattractive. Mulready's paintings, however, and the generally diffused feeling that the domestic note in his work should make him a born illustrator of Goldsmith, have given him a prestige which cannot now be gainsaid.

After Mulready follows a crowd of minor illustrators. One of the most successful of these was the clever artist George Thomas; one of the most disappointing, because his gifts were of so high an order, was the late G. J. Pinwell. Of Absolon, Anelay, Gilbert, and the rest, it is impossible to speak here, and we must close this rapid summary with brief reference to some of the foreign editions.

At the beginning of this paper, in enumerating certain of the causes for the diversities, pleasing or otherwise, which prevail in illustrated copies of the classics, we purposely reserved one which it is more convenient to treat in connection with those books when 'embellished' by foreign artists. If, even in the country of birth, each age (as has been well said of translations) '*a eu de ce côté son belvédère different*,' it follows that every other country will have its point of view, which will

be at variance with that of a native. To say that no book dealing with human nature in the abstract is capable of being adequately illustrated except in the country of its origin, would be to state a proposition in imminent danger of prompt contradiction. But it may be safely asserted, that, except by an artist who, by long residence or familiarity, has enjoyed unusual facilities for assimilating the national atmosphere, no novel of manners (to which class the 'Vicar' undoubtedly belongs) can be illustrated with complete success by a foreigner. For this reason, it will not be necessary here to do more than refer briefly to the principal French and German editions. In either country the 'Vicar' has had the advantage of being artistically interpreted by draughtsmen of marked ability; but in both cases the solecisms are thicker than the beauties.

It must be admitted, notwithstanding, for Germany, that it was earlier in the field than England. Wenman's edition is dated 1780; but it was in 1776 that August Mylius, of Berlin, issued the first frontispiece of the 'Vicar.' It is an etching by the Berlin Hogarth, Daniel Chodowiecki, prefixed to an English reprint of the second edition, and represents the popular episode of Mr. Burchell and the pocket-book.

The poor Vicar is transformed into a loose-lipped, heavy-jowled German pastor in a dressing-gown and slippers, while Mr. Burchell becomes a slim personage in top-boots, and such a huntsman's cap as stage tradition assigns to Tony Lumpkin. In the 'Almanac Généalogique' for 1777 Chodowiecki returned to this subject, and produced a series of twelve charming plates—little marvels of delicate execution—upon the same theme. Some of these, *e.g.* the 'Conversation brillante des Dames de la ville' and 'George sur le Téatre (*sic*) reconnoit son Père'—are delightfully quaint. But they are not illustrations of the text—and there is no more to say. The same radical objection applies to the illustrations, full of fancy, ingenuity, and playfulness as they are, of another German, Ludwig Richter. His edition has often been reprinted. But it is sufficient to glance at his barefooted Sophia, making hay with her straw hat at her back, in order to decide against it. One crosses out 'Sophia' and writes in 'Frederika.' She may have lived in Sesenheim, but never at Wakefield. In like manner, the insular mind recoils from the spectacle of the patriarchal Jenkinson studying the Cosmogony in company with a tankard of a pattern unmistakably Teutonic.

In France, to judge by certain entries in Cohen's invaluable 'Guide de l'Amateur de Livres à Vignettes,' the book seems to have been illustrated as early as the end of the last century. Huot and Texier are mentioned as artists, but their works have escaped us. The chief French edition, however, is that which belongs to the famous series of books with '*images incrustées en plein texte*' (as Jules Janin says), inaugurated in 1835 by the 'Gil Blas' of Jean Gigoux. The "Vicaire de Wakefield" (Bourgueleret, 1838), admirably paraphrased by Charles Nodier, was accompanied by ten engravings on steel by William Finden after Tony Johannot, and a number of small woodcuts, *en-têtes* and *culs-de-lampe* by Janet Lange, Charles Jacque, and C. Marville.[1] As compositions, Johannot's contributions are effective, but highly theatrical, while his types are frankly French. Of the woodcuts it may be sufficient to note that when the Vicar and Mrs. Primrose discuss the prospects of the family in the privacy of their own chamber,

[1] To the edition of 1843, which does not contain these woodcuts, is added one by Meissonier. Nodier's preliminary 'Notice sur Goldsmith,' although discursive and not always well-informed, contains a memorable passage upon 'The Poet' (pp. viii-ix).

they do so (in the picture) from two separate four posters with twisted uprights, and a crucifix between them. The same eccentricities, though scarcely so naïvely ignorant, are not absent from the work of two much more modern artists, M. V. A. Poirson and M. Adolphe Lalauze. M. Poirson (Quantin, 1885), who, in his own domain, has extraordinary gifts as a decorative artist, depicts 'Squire Thornhill as a gay young French *chasseur* with many-buttoned gaiters and a *fusil en bandoulière*, while the hero of the 'Elegy on a Mad Dog' appears in those 'wooden shoes' (with straw in them) which, for so long a period were to English cobblers the chief terror of a French invasion. M. Lalauze again (Jouaust, 1888), for whose distinguished gifts, in their place, we have the keenest admiration, promotes the whole Wakefield family into the *haute noblesse*. An elegant Dr. Primrose blesses an elegant George with the air of a Rochefoucauld, while Mrs. Primrose, in the background, with the Bible and cane, is a *grande dame*. Under the same treatment, the scene in the hayfield becomes a *fête galante* after the fashion of Lancret or Watteau.

Upon the whole, dismissing foreign artists for the reason given above, one is forced to the conclusion that Goldsmith has not hitherto found

his fitting pictorial interpreter. Stothard and Mulready have accentuated his graver side; Cruikshank and Rowlandson have exaggerated his humour. But no single artist in the past, as far as we are aware, has, in any just proportion, combined them both. By the delicate quality of his art, by the alliance in his work of a grace and playfulness which has a kind of parallel in Goldsmith's literary style, the late Randolph Caldecott seemed always to suggest that he could, if he would, supply this want. But, apart from the captivating play-book of the 'Mad Dog' and a single frontispiece in the 'Parchment Library,' Caldecott contributed nothing to the illustration of Goldsmith's novel.[1]

[1] The foregoing paper, which appeared in the 'English Illustrated Magazine' for October, 1890, was afterwards reprinted as the Preface to Mr. Hugh Thomson's admirable illustrated edition of the 'Vicar' (Macmillan, same year), which goes far to exemplify pictorially both aspects of Goldsmith's masterpiece.

DR. JOHNSON'S HAUNTS AND HABITATIONS.

THAT Dr. Johnson frequently began his sentence with 'Sir' is a statement to be safely hazarded. But that he said—'Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street,' is, it seems, a mere invention, unvouched for by Boswell.[1] And yet, though uncanonical, it is not of necessity apocryphal. The Doctor, in all probability, did utter something of the sort, although his 'faithful chronicler' has omitted to record it. For Fleet

[1] In 'Sala's Journal' for 2nd July, 1892, the late Mr. G. A. Sala confessed that he had concocted this characteristic and highly-popular proposal as a motto for the magazine called 'Temple Bar,' which he founded in December, 1860. 'Temple Bar' still flourishes, but the counterfeit quotation has long since disappeared from its cover. Johnson did, however, say to Mr. Hoole in 1783, "Let you and I, Sir, go together and eat a beef-steak in Grub-street,' where, strangely enough, and despite the definition in the 'Dictionary,' he had never been before.

Street—that chronicler assures us—was his 'favourite street,' and there is abundant evidence that, in his heart of hearts, he would have preferred it even to the Vale of Tempé. If, by chance, his now-unsubstantial shade could—

> anywhere linger,
> Touching impalpable posts with an imperceptible finger—

it would assuredly be between Temple Bar and Ludgate Hill—Ludgate Hill, which, in his day, showed no obstructing viaduct to bar the prospect of St. Paul's. How that ghostly visitant must marvel at the daily vicissitudes of our vanishing London! Temple Bar itself, through which he was wont to pass with Goldsmith, has been translated to a park in Hertfordshire; and the famous clock of St. Dunstan's, audible of yore from his Gough Square garret, now strikes the half hours and quarters, without its group of admirers, in the garden of a suburban villa. No. 17, Gough Square, where he lived so long, still remains; but his Bolt Court house is gone, and huge buildings have obliterated what was once 'Dr. Johnson's Staircase' in Inner Temple Lane. The 'Cheshire Cheese' Tavern, which, oddly enough, is never mentioned by his biographer, continues devoutly to preserve his memory and his seat; but the

'Cock' has changed sides, and the 'Devil' is no more. St. Bride's Church, where his friend Richardson lies buried, is much the same as ever; but both of Richardson's houses in Salisbury Square have gone the way of bricks and mortar. These are a few only of the changes that have come to pass; and it may open a neglected page in a well-worn volume if in the notes that follow, an attempt is made to recall some of Johnson's London haunts and habitations, before they and their memories are 'blotted from the things that be.'

In such a survey, the places where he actually lived naturally claim our first attention; and of these, fortunately, he gave a list to Boswell in his seventieth year, when he was already occupying his last residence, No. 8, Bolt Court. Before he came to London in March, 1737, with Garrick and the historical twopence-halfpenny, he had apparently never visited it since, as a child of two and a half, he had been brought from Lichfield by his mother to be touched for the evil by her Majesty Queen Anne. At this date, he says in his own 'Account of his Life,' he stayed with Nicholson, 'the famous bookseller in Little Britain,' in all likelihood his father's friend. It was probably to the same bookish neighbourhood

(where Dorset years before had bought an unsaleable work called 'Paradise Lost') that he gravitated in 1737, since Wilcox, who bade him try a porter's knot, was also at one time a Little Britain bookseller. But his first definitely recorded lodging was in Exeter Street, Strand, at the house of Mr. Norris, a staymaker, where, upon the lines laid down by an Irish painter he had known in Birmingham, he practised the art of living in a garret at eighteenpence a week. How long he lived in Exeter Street, or whether he quitted and returned to it,[1] is not known; but in July, 1737, he was lodging in Church Street, Greenwich, next door to the now non-existent Golden Heart. At Greenwich he proceeded with his play of 'Irene,' three acts of which he had

[1] If we are to believe Arthur Murphy ('Essay on the Life and Genius of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.,' pp. 43-46), he must have returned to it. Long after, at a dinner at Foote's, where Johnson and Murphy were present, the talk turned eulogistically on a speech of Pitt (apparently that of March, 1741, on the Seamen's Bill, beginning with the famous passage about 'The atrocious Crime of being a young Man'). 'That speech,' said Johnson, 'I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street;' and in Exeter Street he must therefore have been living at some date between the delivery of the speech and November, 1741, when it was reported in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' (p. 569, vol. xi.).

already completed; and he told Boswell that he used to work at it as he walked in the Park. At the end of 1737, he had rooms with Mrs. Johnson, who had then joined him, in 'Woodstock Street, near Hanover Square' (it lies between New Bond Street and South Molton Street); and hence he moved to No. 6, Castle Street. Castle Street, then described as Castle Street, Cavendish Square, is now known as Castle Street East, Oxford Street, and runs at the back of the Princess's Theatre. At No. 36, where there is a Society of Arts tablet, lived later Barry the painter; and No. 6 (which in December, 1900, was in process of demolition) stood on the same side as Barry's, but higher up, and next the Hotel York in Newman Street.[1] It was from Castle Street that Johnson issued his proposals for the never fully-completed translation of the 'History of the Council of Trent' of Sarpi, Macaulay's 'favourite modern historian,' which proposals, according to the 'Weekly Miscellany' for 21st October, 1738, were to be had of (among others) 'the translator, at No. 6, in Castle-street, by Cavendish-square.' Here, again, he wrote his poem of 'London;' and from a letter he sent from the provinces to

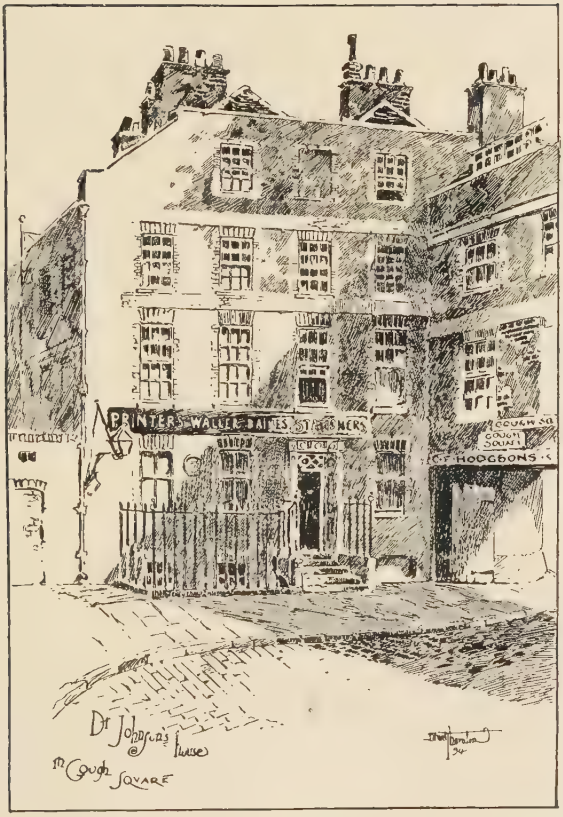
[1] The No. 6 nearly opposite No. 36 is not No. 6, Castle Street, but No. 6, Winsley Street.

his wife, it seems that the landlady's name was Mrs. Crow. This letter, which belongs to Mr. W. R. Smith of Greatham Moor, West Liss, Hants, is the document where he styles Mrs. Johnson, who was within a few days of fifty-one, and twenty years older than himself, his 'dear Girl,' and tells her that 'Irene,' which had been finished, was at last become 'a kind of Favourite among the Players.' At Castle Street he first made the acquaintance of Reynolds, whom he met at the house of his opposite neighbours, the two Miss Cotterells (daughters of Admiral Cotterell), to whom he had been introduced by Joseph Baretti.

For the next ten years the traces of Johnson's dwelling-places are few and far between. According to the list already quoted, he lived in the Strand, and then in Boswell Court,[1] which, before the erection of the new Law Courts, ran from Carey Street to the back of St. Clement Danes. In March, 1741, he had lodgings 'at the "Black Boy" over against Durham Yard,'—a locality which has long since given place to the Adelphi; afterwards at Bow Street, and in Holborn. In his 'Prayers and Meditations' he refers to 'a

[1] Boswell Court was not named after James Boswell.

good night's rest' he once enjoyed in Fetter Lane, which comes next on the list. Then he is in Holborn again at another tavern, the 'Golden Anchor,' Holborn Bars. But of all these, there is no sufficient record; and the fullest particulars have been preserved in regard to a residence which is not in his own list, though, like the rest, it seems to have been only a passing home. This is a cottage at Hampstead, which, under the name of Priory Lodge, was said still to exist in an enlarged and altered form, as late as May, 1899. Johnson himself describes it as a 'small house beyond the church,' and Park, the local antiquary, who may be relied upon, as 'the last in Frognal (southward).' Park says that in 1818 it was occupied by a Mr. Stephenson. Its name of Priory Lodge was probably derived from a sham-Gothic structure in its neighbourhood known as Frognal Priory, which disappeared in 1876. In Priory Lodge Johnson undoubtedly lived during part of 1748, and his wife much longer. Here he wrote the greatest part of the 'Vanity of Human Wishes;' and Boswell dwells effusively on the 'fervid rapidity' with which that performance was produced. 'I have heard him say, that he composed seventy lines of it in one day, without putting one of them upon paper till they were



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE.

finished.' Compared with the five couplets of the 'Deserted Village,' which Goldsmith thought 'no bad morning's work,' this is certainly a good deal. But nowadays we should not readily agree with Johnson's biographer in regarding it as 'scarcely credible.'

Early in 1749, Johnson went to live permanently at No. 17, Gough Square. This, which is in many respects the most interesting of his London residences, is still in existence, and it is marked by a Society of Arts tablet. Gough Square lies on the north side of Fleet Street, from which it is entered either through Hind Court or Bolt Court. Johnson's house stands in the north-west corner of the little enclosure, now given over to unattractive places of business, but formerly described by topographers as 'fashionable.' In the interior the house is much altered, though it still reveals an ancient oak-balustraded staircase, while at the street door hangs a huge cross-chain which dates from Johnson's time. The topmost room—the sky parlour, or 'first floor down the chimney,' as Beau Tibbs would have called it—is a garret occupying the entire length of the building, and having five windows. This was the manufactory of the famous Dictionary. Here, duly partitioned off, laboured the Doctor's

six amanuenses; here came Joseph Warton, and Roubillac and Reynolds; and here, when the place was promoted to the rank of library, Dr. Burney found the great Lexicographer in company with 'five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half.' This last is the memorable piece of furniture in the manipulation of which its possessor was so proficient. He 'never forgot its defect,' said Miss Reynolds; 'but would either hold it in his hand, or place it with great composure against some support, taking no notice of its imperfection to his visitor. At Gough Square ('Goff Square' he spells it in a letter to Miss Porter of 12th July, 1749) Johnson lived ten years. Hence he sent forth the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' the 'Rambler,' the essays for Hawkesworth's 'Adventurer,' the 'Dictionary,' the 'Idler,' and the proposals for Shakespeare. Hence, too, he dispatched that epistle to Chesterfield, which is still the pride of independent men of letters. At Gough Square, in 1752, he lost his wife; and seven years afterwards, his mother. 'The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end,' he wrote mournfully of the latter bereavement; and to pay his mother's modest debts, he penned the story of 'Rasselas.'

But before 'Rasselas' was published in the

April of 1759, he had quitted Gough Square, the precise date of his departure being fixed by a letter to his step-daughter, Lucy Porter. 'I have this day moved my things,' he writes on March 23rd, 'and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn, London.' Staple Inn is another of his Holborn residences. From this he moved to Gray's Inn, and thence again to a first floor at 1, Inner Temple Lane, on the southern side of Fleet Street. Here he remained from 1760 to 1765. The house, which was long inscribed 'Dr. Johnson's Staircase,' was pulled down in 1857, and Johnson's Buildings has now effaced the site. If his existence here has been accurately described, it was not of the happiest. 'He lived,' says Arthur Murphy, 'in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature;' and a chance caller was surprised to find him, on one occasion, absolutely unprovided with pen, ink, or paper. His library was hidden away in a couple of garrets up four pair of stairs, commanding a view of St. Paul's and the surrounding roofs. He had many good books, but they were unarranged and ill-kept. It was to Inner Temple Lane in 1762 that Murphy brought him tidings of the pension later conferred upon him by Lord Bute; and at Inner Temple Lane, in virtue of the honorary degree

of the University of Dublin, he first became a Doctor. It was here, too, that he was visited by Mme. de Boufflers, speeding his parting guest with the grotesque ceremonial described by Boswell. 'All at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, on a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the stair-case in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple-gate, and, brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach.' In Inner Temple Lane, again, it was that Ozias Humphrey, the miniature painter, discovered him, close upon one o'clock in the day, 'waving over his breakfast like a lunatic,' and arrayed as to his person in a rusty brown suit, an ancient black wig, unbuttoned shirt-sleeves, and a pair of old shoes worn slipperwise. But when he began to talk, everything was 'as *correct* as a *second edition*;' and his visitor found it impossible to argue with him, he was 'so sententious and so knowing.'

From Inner Temple Lane, Johnson migrated to No. 7, Johnson's Court, where, in 1775, he

received a second honorary degree, that of D.C.L., Oxford. Johnson's Court (the name of which is a mere coincidence) lay on the north side of Fleet Street to the north and west of the present Anderton's Hotel. While here, he published his 'Journey to the Western Islands,' and his long-promised Shakespeare.

> 'He for *Subscribers* baits his hook,
> And takes their cash—but where's the Book?'—

sang the inexorable Churchill, in reprobation of the great man's tardiness. At Johnson's Court, the Doctor was already surrounded by his little colony of pensioners. Levett,

> 'Officious, innocent, sincere,
> Of every friendless name the friend,'

occupied the garret; and blind Miss Williams the ground floor. On Easter-day, 1773, Boswell, to his delight, dined with his Mentor *chez lui*, on 'a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pye, and a rice pudding'—a repast far superior to the Lacedæmonian 'black broth' which Foote, 'in allusion to Johnson's coloured servant, Francis Barber, had led him to anticipate. On the contrary, everything was excellent of its kind, and

served in good order. Johnson's earliest letter from Johnson's Court is dated 17th October, 1765; and he left it in March, 1776, for 8, Bolt Court, between Gough Square and Fleet Street. No. 8 stood upon the site of what, until very recently, was the Stationers' Company's School; and this again had been the printing office which Bensley, the printer, had erected to take the place of Johnson's former dwelling when, in 1819, it was burned down. In the Doctor's time the Bolt Court house had a garden at the back, in which (*credite posteri!*), only a few weeks before his death, he gathered three bunches of grapes; and at its door were two stone seats, from one of which, in 1783, being returned from church 'in a placid frame of mind,' he discoursed to Boswell of many things from burnt bones and dried orange peel to orchards and hot-houses. This garden afterwards became the playground of the Stationers' Company's School. No. 8 Bolt Court was Johnson's last home; and on Monday, the 13th December, 1784, he died peacefully in the back room of its first floor. Not long afterwards, Isaac Disraeli, then a youth of seventeen, knocked at the door to make enquiry about a manuscript he had forwarded to Johnson, of which he had heard nothing. His summons was answered by

Francis Barber, who told him that the Doctor had been dead some hours.

As might be supposed, Johnson was a devout, if intermittent, church-goer. 'He was not constant in his attendance on divine worship,' says Hawkins; 'but, from an opinion peculiar to himself, which he once intimated to me, seemed to wait for some secret impulse as a motive to it.' 'Whenever I miss church on a Sunday,' he told Boswell at seventy, 'I resolve to go another day. But I do not always do it.' He was, however, a rigid Sabbatarian, carefully regulating his Sunday reading; and Boswell noticed 'that he would not even look at a proof-sheet of his "Life of Waller" on Good Friday.' Living as he did for so many years in mid-Fleet Street, he had several famous churches in his neighbourhood. He was close to St. Dunstan's and the Temple, while St. Bride's was at one end of Fleet Street and St. Clement Danes at the other. Bolt Court, Johnson's Court, and Gough Square were in the parish of St. Dunstan, which was consequently his parish church; but Boswell makes no reference to his attendance, either there or at St. Bride's. There is mention of his going to St. Paul's; and, on one occasion, to the Temple Church, where he heard Gregory Sharpe praying fervently for the

blessing of Liberty, which drew from him the remark that prayer against licentiousness would be more to the point. But his favourite place of worship was St. Clement Danes, where he was well known. Here he had his seat in pew No. 18, North Gallery, next the pulpit, at that date occupied by Mr. Burrows. On 9th April, 1773, he took Boswell with him. 'His behaviour was, as I had imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany: "In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, Good Lord, deliver us!"' It was in St. Clement Danes, eleven years later, that, 'after a confinement of 129 days,' he returned thanks to God for his recovery from sickness.[1]

As may be gathered from his melancholy habit, Johnson was not averse from diversions in general.

[1] His pew is now distinguished by a brass plate with an inscription. This was erected in 1851 by some of the parishioners of St. Clement Danes. At the centenary of Johnson's death, December, 1884, there was a memorial service, when the pew was draped in violet, and a cast of the bust by Nollekens placed on the ledge in front. The occasion was also marked by an excellent address from the Rector, Dr. John Lindsay.

They filled the intervals between thought and vacuity, he said; and of public amusements he affirmed, more questionably, that they kept people from vice. It was, moreover, his opinion that, as no man was a hypocrite in his pleasures, his choice of them really revealed his character. The revelation vouchsafed in his own case is not, however, abundantly manifested by his biographer. From his recommending the St. George's Spa Water to Mrs. Thrale, it may perhaps be concluded that he was familiar with the old pleasure resort which once occupied the site of Bedlam, and was known as the Dog and Duck; but from the playful proposal which, much to Lady Sydney Beauclerk's disgust, he once made to his friends to take—that is, rent—Cuper's or (more vulgarly) Cupid's Gardens,—now traversed by the Waterloo Bridge Road,—it would be too much to assume he had any experimental acquaintance with that eighteenth-century Cremorne. But he certainly did frequent Marylebone Gardens, for he went with George Steevens to see the fireworks of the famous pyrotechnist, Torré, to whose exhibition he was afterwards unkind enough to liken the poetry of Gray. It was on this occasion that the Doctor figured in the (for him) unusual character of ringleader in a riot. The

evening was wet, and the damp squibs and Catharine wheels declined to go off. Johnson, resenting this as parsimony on the part of the management, proposed to threaten to smash the coloured lamps, a suggestion which was promptly acted on by some young men standing by. Whether it was at this time also that he saw Storace's 'Serva Padrona'—a piece which reminded him of the discords in his own Bolt Court domesticity—is not clear; but at all events Steevens, according to Nichols, was one of his companions.

Of Johnson's visits to the oldest of the three great assemblies,—'that excellent place of publick amusement, Vauxhall Gardens,' as Boswell calls it,—there is no direct record, although he was well known to one of the two sons of the proprietor, the anecdotical Tom Tyers,—the 'Tom Restless' of the 'Idler,' who afterwards wrote so well of him in Mr. Urban's magazine. But to Ranelagh he went often, regarding it, Dr. Maxwell tells us, as 'a place of innocent recreation.' 'When I first entered Ranelagh,' he said, 'it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else;' and he appears to have been quite ignorant of those of its characteristics which led Richardson to

describe it, in 'Sir Charles Grandison,' as a marriage market, and Goldsmith (through Moses Primrose) to compare it to the notorious Fair of Fontarabia. At Ranelagh he must have heard Bonnel Thornton's Burlesque 'Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day, adapted to the Antient British Musick,'—to wit, the Jew's Harp, the Marrow-bone and Cleaver, the Salt-box, and so forth. The Doctor was especially diverted with the following:

In strains more exalted the SALT-BOX shall join,
And Clattering, and Battering, and Clapping combine:
With a Rap and a Tap while the hollow Side sounds,
Up and down leaps the Flap, and with Rattling rebounds;

but the entertainment must surely have been more remarkable for humour than harmony. To the Pantheon in Oxford Street he also went occasionally, although he did not consider Wyatt's *coup d'œil* to be compared with that of the Ranelagh Rotunda. Probably it was duller, since Gibbon talks of its 'ennui,' and Fanny Burney of its 'solemnity.' Miss Evelina Anville found that she could not be 'as gay and thoughtless' at the Pantheon as at the Chelsea garden.

There was a humbler Pantheon in the Spa Fields at Clerkenwell, of which Philip de Lou-

therbourg made a scene for the second act of Colman's bright little farce of 'The Spleen.' Johnson, who was in town, may have seen this piece, since it was played on the memorable night when Garrick performed Lusignan for the last time in his newly-decorated Drury Lane, and its prologue contained the first public reference to his approaching retirement from the stage. In any case the Doctor must have been a frequent visitor to Drury Lane, where, in 1749, 'Declamation had roared, and Passion slept,' in his own ill-fated 'Irene.' In 1750 he wrote a prologue for 'Comus,' when it was produced for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter, and it is only reasonable to suppose that he was present when that prologue was spoken by Garrick. He also wrote another prologue, which is historical, for the opening of Drury Lane in September, 1747. This, besides the well-known lines on Shakespeare,

> 'Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new:
> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
> And panting time toil'd after him in vain,'

also includes the still-quoted couplet,

'The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give;
For we that live to please, must please to live.'[1]

Boswell, however, makes but scanty reference to the theatre; and his most interesting records show how, in his capacity as playwright, the the great man 'enlivened his Character' (as Steele would say), and dramatised his customary subfusc costume. On the first night of 'Irene' he sported a very rich laced scarlet waistcoat; and his green room make-up included, in addition, a gold-laced hat. This last, he told Topham Beauclerk, he soon laid aside, 'lest it should make him proud.' But those who criticise the 'Tyrian bloom, satin grain' of poor Goldsmith, will do well to remember that even Goldsmith's distinguished ally had sumptuary outbreaks. To Covent Garden there are rather more references than to Drury Lane, or, to speak precisely, those references are fuller. It was during the tedium of a long oratorio with Mrs.

[1] This Prologue exists in separate form. Garrick being ill, and unable to repeat it when demanded, printed it as a sixpenny pamphlet 'to compensate the disappointment.' ('General Advertiser,' 8 Oct., 1747). A *facsimile* reprint of this has been announced by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York.

Thrale that Johnson composed the sapphics, 'In Theatro':—

> 'Inter æquales sine felle liber,
> Codices veri studiosus inter
> Rectius vives; sua quisque carpat
> Gaudia gratus,'—

which stanza the lively lady paraphrased thus:

> 'The social club, the lonely tower,
> Far better suit thy midnight hour;
> Let each according to his power
> In worth or wisdom shine!'

Her imitation is the more notable in that, unlike her original, it gives the names of the singers,—Guadagni, Bates, Mrs. Brent. 'He [Johnson] was for the most part an exceedingly bad play-house companion,' says Mrs. Thrale, 'as his person drew people's eyes upon the box, and the loudness of his voice made it difficult for me to hear anybody but himself.' These peculiarities, however, must have been merits on the great night when 'She Stoops to Conquer' was produced at Covent Garden, and this must also have been his greatest theatrical appearance. 'All eyes were upon Johnson,' writes Richard Cumberland in his 'Memoirs.' He 'sate in a front

row of a side box, and when he laughed everybody thought themselves warranted to roar.' Not without reason was it that the grateful author dedicated his masterpiece to his old friend.

Once, at St. Andrews, where Johnson was sadly viewing the ruins of religious magnificence, someone casually mentioned dinner. 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'amidst all these sorrowful scenes, I have no objection to dinner.' Nor had he ever, for it was a theme upon which he uttered many memorable, and some contradictory, things. 'There is a time of life, Sir,' he observed to Burke, in vindication of an appetite ravenous rather than refined, 'when a man requires the repairs of a table;' and he spoke with undisguised contempt of those who did not mind, or pretended not to mind, what they ate. When cookery pleased him he praised it, and praised it heartily. But this did not prevent him from dilating upon abstemiousness, and levelling his triads against 'gulosity,' to an attack upon which he devoted No. 206 of the 'Rambler.' Boswell's well-known account of his mode of eating is, let us trust, exaggerated; but his horror of his own company, and his capabilities as a vigorous trencherman, made him a willing diner-out, especially after Mrs. Johnson's death in 1752. At this

period, the roll of his friends is affirmed to have been 'extensive and various,' ranging from the Earl of Orrery and Lord Southwell to an apothecary in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens (with whom he and Miss Williams generally dined every Sunday), and a tallow-chandler's wife on Snow Hill, 'not in the learned way' (says Francis Barber), 'but a worthy good woman.' Many of the remaining names were those of booksellers and printers, as Cave, Dodsley, Millar, Strahan, and Payne of Paternoster Row, who published the first numbers of 'The Idler.' It was at Edward Cave's, and probably at the St. John's Gate, so familiar on Mr. Urban's title-page, that he dined behind the screen, and heard Philip Stanhope's tutor, Harte, praise his 'Life of Richard Savage.' He must often have eaten, too, at Dodsley's in Pall Mall,—the 'Tully's Head' next the passage leading into King Street, or half-way between the site of the old Smyrna Coffee-House (now Messrs. Harrison's) and the old Star and Garter Tavern. 'Doddy, you know, is my patron,' said Johnson of the author of 'Cleone;' and indeed it was 'Doddy,' who not only suggested the 'Dictionary,' but issued 'London,' and 'Irene,' and the 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' With another of the proprietors of the 'Dictionary'

Andrew Millar, 'over-against *St. Clement's Church*, in the *Strand*' (No. 141), he must also have been on dining terms. 'I respect Millar, Sir; he has raised the price of literature,' he declared; and certainly poor muddle-headed Andrew seems to have dealt not illiberally by that 'most singular genius,' the author of 'Tom Jones' and 'Amelia.' There is also record of Johnson's dining at 'Tonson the Bookseller's' (in the Strand), probably the third of the name, since there was talk of Edwards's 'Canons of Criticism,' which was only published under that title in 1748, when Jacob the First and Jacob the Second had been gathered to their fathers. Then again there is Tom Davies of No. 8, Russell Street, Covent Garden, in whose back parlour, Boswell, having drunk tea with the bookseller's 'very pretty wife,' was first privileged to meet the object of his adoration, who, he tells us, came frequently to the house. And where Johnson came frequently, he dined.

But it is probable that he was to be found oftenest at Strahan's and the Dillys. Strahan was not only the printer of his favourite 'London Chronicle,' but he was also Printer to the King; and, like Cave and Hamilton, kept his coach; which equipage, in 1773, carried Johnson and

Miss Williams to dine at Kensington House with James Elphinston, who has the credit of producing the worst translation of Martial on record. At this date Strahan's house and house of business was only a short distance from Bolt Court, being in New Street, to which he had moved from Printing House Square in Blackfriars. Strahan must certainly have been a notable as well as a fortunate man. He foresaw the fame of Gibbon; was the trusted legatee of Hume, and the 'friendly agent' of Johnson, to whom he acted as amateur banker and pension collector. The Dillys, Edward and Charles, lived at No. 22 in the Poultry. They gave excellent dinners, and were famous for their hospitality to literary men. Goldsmith, Toplady, Scott of Amwell, Dr. Lettsom (the other Bolt Court doctor), Orme the historian, Miss Seward, Capel Lofft, Beattie,—are some of the guests who are mentioned by Boswell. But the most interesting of the Poultry gatherings is that in which Boswell, with infinite adroitness, contrived to bring together Johnson and Wilkes. Wilkes first subjugated Johnson's 'surly virtue' by insidious ministrations to his appetite. By and by they were amicably discussing Dryden and Horace, and 'breaking jokes upon the Scots.' Eventually,

they became 'quite frank and easy'; and when Johnson got back to Bolt Court, Boswell, to his supreme gratification, heard his illustrious friend tell Miss Williams 'how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company, and what an agreeable day he had passed.'

Booksellers and printers, however, whether coach-keepers or not, played but a small part in the ever growing list of the Doctor's acquaintances, which included not a few persons of quality besides Lord Orrery and Lord Southwell. 'He associated, says Boswell, returning to the subject, 'with persons the most widely different in manners, abilities, rank and accomplishments. He was at once the companion of the brilliant Colonel Forrester of the Guards, who wrote "The Polite Philosopher," and of the awkward and uncouth Robert Levett; of Lord Thurlow, and Mr. Sastres, the Italian Master.' Now he was the guest of that 'beautiful, gay and fascinating Lady Craven,' whose play of 'The Sleep Walker' Walpole printed at the Strawberry Hill Press; now at General Paoli's in South Audley Street, where Goldsmith is also of the party, and receives a notable compliment from the Corsican leader, *à propos* of a passage in 'She Stoops to Conquer.' 'Monsieur Goldsmith est comme la mer, qui jette

des perles et beaucoup d'autres belles choses, sans s'en apercevoir,'—and Goldsmith might well be pleased. Now Johnson is at General Oglethorpe's, discussing duels and the siege of Belgrade, or luxury and the 'Cato' of Mr. Addison; now in the Twickenham meadows with Cambridge 'the Everything,' as Walpole called the author of the 'Scribleriad,' delivering an oral essay on Gay and ballad opera, or criticising the character of Sir Roger de Coverley. He was often at those ill-regulated feasts of Reynolds in Leicester Fields, where the company was so much better than the cooking; and he was also often in the Harley Street home of Sir Joshua's rival, that courtly Allan Ramsay, who, if he could not paint as well as Reynolds, was his equal as a converser, and his superior as a host. At Beauclerk's, at the Adelphi or Muswell Hill,—or at Langton's lodgings at New Bond Street, he would always be welcome; and he must often have dined with Richardson at Salisbury Court and North End, or with his favourite Fanny Burney under the painted ceilings of Newton's old (and still existent) dwelling-place in St. Martin's Street. Garrick's villa at Hampton, and his town house at 5, Adelphi Terrace, were also well known to him, and his visits to the latter continued during Mrs. Garrick's

widowhood, for Boswell gives a glowing account of a select party there in 1781, after her Davy's death. It was 'one of the happiest days that he remembered to have enjoyed in the whole course of his life,' he says. The company consisted of Mrs. Garrick's 'Chaplain,' Hannah More; the Honourable Mrs. Boscawen, relict of that gallant Admiral who beat the French at Louisburg and Lagos Bay; Miss Elizabeth Carter of 'Epictetus' fame; Dr. Burney, Reynolds, and Johnson. They were all in fine spirits, and Boswell's enthusiasm overflowed. 'I believe,' he whispered to Mrs. Boscawen, 'this is as much as can be made of life.' When he and Johnson walked away, they paused by the rails of the Adelphi, then overlooking the Thames, but now high and dry above the Victoria Embankment Gardens, and Boswell reminded his companion of the two friends, both dead, who had lived in the buildings behind them —Beauclerk and Garrick. 'Ay, Sir,' said Johnson, tenderly, 'and two such friends as cannot be supplied.' Lastly—to make an end of hospitable houses—there were the Thrales, in the Borough, in Argyle Street, and at Streatham Place, whose doors were always open to him. Streatham Place, the best known of these, where he played at chemistry, and ate peaches with Susan Burney

(Fanny's sister), passed away in 1863; and nothing now remains in the neighbourhood to call up the memory of the pleasant white mansion with its plantation and park, where cattle, dogs, and poultry ran 'freely about without annoying each other,' and where the Doctor had a walk to himself, and a summer house to read and write in.

But even dinners with Dilly, with Ramsay, and with Thrale were not—one may suspect—the high-water mark of the Doctor's happiness. These, after all, were formal entertainments, and, like Sancho Panza, he loved freedom at his food. 'There is no private house,' he told Boswell in 1776, 'in which people can enjoy themselves so well, as at a capital tavern. . . . At a tavern . . . you are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.' To Hawkins he said much the same, when he declared, 'that a tavern chair was the throne of

human felicity.' With such opinions it is not surprising that, rightly or wrongly, many of the places of entertainment in his immediate neighbourhood are associated with his name; and Leigh Hunt hardly exaggerates when he suggests that Johnson had probably been in every tavern and coffee-house in his favourite street. A few of his known resorts are named by Boswell, but they are doubtless only some out of the number. One of the earliest referred to is the 'Pine Apple' in New Street, which, before Garrick Street was formed in 1864, constituted the chief carriage-way to Covent Garden, and had even been fashionable under Charles II. Probably the 'Pine Apple' itself dated from the days of the same monarch, when, as Walpole tells us, the Barbadian luxury from which it derived its name was imported into England. But when Johnson first came to London the 'Pine Apple,' now no longer existent, was a humble 'public,' where a plain man could have a plate of meat for eightpence, and still spare a penny for the waiter. The company, too, was not bad. 'Several of them had travelled. They expected to meet every day, but did not know one another's names.' At this date it must have been that Johnson frequented a second, and a more famous hostelry, not very far off from New

Street, namely Slaughter's (afterwards known as Old Slaughter's) Coffee-house. Up to 1841 this stood where Cranbourn Street cuts into St. Martin's Lane opposite Long Acre, down which last-named thoroughfare its ancient bow windows should have looked. Dryden had used Slaughter's, and Pope; and when Johnson knew the place, it was the 'murmurous haunt' both of the foreigners from Leicester Fields and the art-folk from the Lane in which it stood. Its exotic rather than its aesthetic element attracted Johnson. He hoped to acquire, what he never did acquire, colloquial French. But he succeeded in writing it with creditable accuracy; witness his letter in Boswell to Mme. de Boufflers.

Another of Johnson's early haunts to which Boswell refers was Clifton's Eating-House. Clifton's was in the Butcher Row, an ancient flesh market connecting Wych Street with Fleet Street, and lying between St. Clement Danes Church and Temple Bar. Before it was pulled down, in 1813, it was noted for its picturesque old wooden inns and ordinaries, among which Strype duly particularises Clifton's. Here Johnson got into his dispute with the gentleman from Ireland 'concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black.' The Irish gentleman grew so

'warm and intemperate in his expressions' that Johnson rose and walked away. Whereupon his antagonist revenged himself by remarking that he had 'a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity, unworthy of a man of genius.' Besides Clifton's, Boswell mentions the 'Fountain Tavern' in the Strand (where now stands Simpson's), at the corner of Fountain Court—the present Savoy Buildings. Here Johnson read 'Irene' to Garrick's brother Peter, long before that masterpiece made its appearance on the stage at Drury Lane. Other favoured resorts were the Turk's-Head Coffee-house, opposite Catherine Street, Strand; the British Coffee-house in Cockspur Street (on the site of Stanford's shop); and the 'Crown and Anchor' at the corner of Arundel Street. Of the first of these Johnson said, 'I encourage this house, for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business.' The British, which was rebuilt in 1770, and pulled down in 1886, was chiefly frequented by Scotchmen, a race with whom Johnson foregathered unwillingly. But he seems to have not only dined there, but to have there uttered one of his penetrating short estimates of Goldsmith. 'The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation is this: he goes on without knowing how he is to

get off. His genius is great, but his knowledge is small.' This—as Swift would say—'is near the mark.' The 'Crown and Anchor,' which ceased to be a tavern in 1847, is the last of the three; and Boswell records several pleasant dinners and suppers there, where Langton and Reynolds were in the Bill of Company. One wonders whether they ever inspected that egregious discarded altar-piece of William Kent for St. Clement Danes, which, on concert nights, was used to decorate the 'Crown and Anchor' music-room.

Between Middle Temple Lane and Temple Bar, on the site of Child's Bank, stood the old 'St. Dunstan,' or 'Devil Tavern,' above whose Apollo Chamber you might still read the 'Welcome' of Ben Jonson, and where, long after him, Swift, and Steele, and Garth, and Addison had held revel. The 'Devil' was also the scene, in 1750, of a remarkable 'frisk' on the part of Samuel Johnson, of which, since it occurred before the advent of Boswell, the historian is necessarily Hawkins, who was one of the actors. A *protegée* of Johnson, Mrs. Charlotte Lenox of the 'Female Quixote,' had finished her first novel of 'Harriot Stuart;' and Johnson must needs celebrate that event by an all-night sitting at the

'Devil.' Guests were convened; 'a magnificent hot apple-pye' was ordered for supper; and, after fitting invocation of the Muses, Mrs. Lenox was solemnly crowned with laurel. By the aid of coffee the session was protracted until eight in the morning, when those who were awake paid the bill and broke up the meeting, which, as far as the 'Devil' is concerned, must have been unique, since we hear of the house no more. But the Boswellian tavern in chief was higher up in Fleet Street, on a site now occupied by Messrs. Hoare's banking house.[1] This was the 'Mitre,' then kept by one Cole. Here for the first time Boswell supped with his 'illustrious friend.' 'We finished a couple of bottles of port, and sat till between one and two in the morning,' says the delighted neophyte; and the talk, from his notes, must have been excellent, digressing from Gray and Goldsmith to ghosts and other themes, which (with the wine), and 'the orthodox high-church sound of the MITRE,' produced in Boswell 'a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what he had ever before experienced.' In subsequent years these social meetings

[1] It ceased to be a tavern in 1788. It was subsequently Macklin's 'Poet's Gallery,' then Saunders's Auction Rooms. It was pulled down in 1829.

were often renewed, and Goldsmith, who, at the first encounter, had only been the theme of conversation, figured frequently as a guest. Many of Johnson's best things were uttered over the Mitre port; though, before long, he had again returned to the lemonade which had triumphantly carried him through his all-night sitting at the 'Devil.' It was at the 'Mitre' that he gave vent to his famous *boutade* about the road to England being the best prospect visible to a Scotchman; and it was at the 'Mitre' that he entertained the two young ladies from Staffordshire who came to consult him about turning Methodists, a subject one would scarcely expect to find chosen for reproduction by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti. At the 'Mitre,' too, it was, that Goldsmith, speaking to Boswell of Johnson's kindness to a worthless person, said finely and humanely—'He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson.' To two other Fleet Street hostelries, which tradition persists in connecting with his hero, Boswell makes no discernible reference. One is the 'Cock,' now transferred from the northern to the southern side of the street, opposite Chancery Lane; and rich enough in its recollections of Tennyson and 'Will Waterproof' to dispense with any less authentic

memories. The other is the 'Cheshire Cheese' in Wine Office Court, an excellent specimen, with its panelled walls and sanded floor, of the passed-away eighteenth century tavern; and the occasional meeting-place of the Johnson Club. Johnson's and Goldsmith's seats are still pointed out to the trustful inquirer; and Cyrus Redding, in his 'Fifty Years' Recollections' asserts that he had conversed with Fleet Street tradesmen who had actually seen the Doctor in the building.[1]

With Will's and Tom's in Russell Street it is also supposed that the great man was familiar; and he is besides believed to have frequented two suburban houses equally well-known to Goldsmith—the 'Old Red Lion' at Islington (No. 186, St. John Street Road), which still exists in a restored and renovated form; and the 'Old

[1] 'The left-hand room on entering the "Cheshire," and the table on the right on entering that room, having the window at the end, was the table occupied by Johnson and his friends almost uniformly. This table and the room are now as they were when I first saw them, having had the curiosity to visit them recently. They were and are, too, as Johnson and his friends left them in their time. Johnson's seat was always in the window, and Goldsmith sat on his left hand.'—(REDDING, 1858, i. 28.) The table and room are still there; and who shall 'mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect!'

Baptist's Head,' No. 30, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell. This, which was not far from the office of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' was doubtless used by many of Cave's journeymen; and it enjoyed besides the minor honour of serving as a house of call to prisoners bound Newgatewards. But the chief hostelries which now remain to be noted in connection with Johnson, are those in which his favourite clubs were held. Among these the first was the Ivy Lane Club, which met every Tuesday evening at the 'King's Head,' a beef-steak house in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, then (1749-56) kept by one Horseman. It was the members of the Ivy Lane Club who formed the bulk of the guests at the Charlotte Lenox symposium, to which reference has been made. The 'King's Head' was closed in Johnson's lifetime, and burnt down in the last century. It is said to have occupied the site of No. 4 in the Lane, now (1902) Worrall's Dining Rooms. The more famous club which succeeded it in 1764—'The Club,' *par excellence*—met at first at the 'Turk's Head' in Gerrard Street (at the corner of Greek Street and Compton Street), already a favourite resort of the artists of St. Martin's Lane. The original members—in addition to the founders, Johnson and Reynolds—were Burke,

Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Dr. Nugent, Chamier and Hawkins. Garrick and Boswell were later additions. Johnson dined at the club for the last time on the 22nd June, 1784, at which date the place of meeting had been transferred to Prince's, in Sackville Street. His health was then failing, and he was much touched by the deferential kindness of his fellow members. Not many months before he had organised a new association at the Essex Head Tavern, No. 40, Essex Street, Strand. It was an unpretentious gathering, and though it had rules, informal. The landlord, Samuel Greaves, after whom it was sometimes styled 'Sam's,' was an old servant of Thrale, and the members met three times a week, the modest forfeit for non-attendance being a fine of twopence. The 'Essex Head' survived until the autumn of 1890, when it was pulled down. Lastly, there was the 'Queen's Arms' Club, in St. Paul's Churchyard—the 'City Club,' where Boswell dined with Johnson in April, 1781, when it 'had been lately formed.' At the 'Queen's Arms' also took place in 1783-4 those dinners of the survivors of the Ivy Lane Club, recorded by Hawkins and Mrs. Piozzi.

Hic finis chartæque viæque. The reader has now before him an account of the haunts and

dwelling-places of Johnson in London, with the sites or whereabouts of most. It is impossible that there should not be omissions. But the march of improvement is so rapid, that even an imperfect attempt at such a record is not without its value,—to say nothing of the fact that, as Boswell himself puts it in a by no means too highly-pitched justification, 'there is something pleasingly interesting, to many, in tracing so great a man through all his different habitations.'

TITLED AUTHORS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

'THE Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease,'—if we may regard Mr. Alexander Pope as a trustworthy historian,—flourished chiefly in the Caroline era. Under Anne and the Georges, perhaps because of the vigour and volubility of Grub Street, they seem to be less manifest. It is true that in Walpole and Park, from Ford Grey, Earl of Tankerville, who died in 1701, to Willoughby Bertie, Earl of Abingdon, who died in 1799, their names make a formidable array. But under the application of one or two simple tests, this imposing schedule speedily proves as unsubstantial as that of Falstaff's men in buckram. For it is clearly needless to chronicle the existence of a noble author who is credited with a pamphlet on corn bounties which his editor has failed to trace, or to 'dally with false surmise' respecting a Duchess who once achieved some

passable *bouts rimés* for Lady Miller's historic vase at Batheaston.

> 'The pen which I now take and . . . *brandish*
> Has long lain useless in my . . . *standish*;'

and so forth, winding up with

> 'A muffin Jove himself might . . . *feast on*
> If eat with Miller at . . . *Batheaston*'—

scarcely constitute a third-class ticket to metrical immortality. Nor does it suffice for durable fame that an aristocratic Prelate should have printed a sermon preached at St. Sepulchre's, or that a belted Earl devoted his laborious days to the composition (however 'strictly meditated') of an 'Essay upon Loans.' One of the ancestors of an illustrious family figures in the record, on the strength, *inter alia*, of certain 'horse receipts' supplied to the 'Gentleman Farrier,' while the claims of others are based on books of which they cannot have done more than suggest the theme. Hooke, of the 'Roman History,' for instance, must certainly have been the working author of the 'Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Dutchess of Marlborough,' a task for which the 'terrible old Sarah' presented him with the handsome honorarium of £5,000—a

sum which may be regarded as capping the record of the century—for fiction.

There is a further circumstance which disposes of a fair number of worthies at the beginning of Walpole's list, which is, that, although they died in the eighteenth century, they never worked in it. This should at once relieve the conscientous, if regretful, chronicler from including in this paper that 'best good Man with the worst-natured Muse,' Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, whose song 'To all you Ladies now on Land'—'one of the prettiest that ever was made,' says his *protégé*, Prior—has an unexpected modernity of movement, notwithstanding that some of its figures are unmistakably earmarked with Dryden and the *Annus Mirabilis* epoch:

> 'The King, with wonder and surprise
> Will swear the seas grow bold,
> Because the tides will higher rise,
> Than e'er they did of old;
> But let him know it is our tears
> Bring floods of grief to Whitehall Stairs.'

Lady Hervey 'weeping like an infant' over Home's 'Douglas,' or Lady Bradshaigh shedding 'pints' upon Richardson's 'Clarissa,' is nothing

to this flux of watery lamentation. But although (and the fact must serve as our excuse in dwelling upon Dorset's poem) this famous song was only first *printed* in Lintott's 'Rape of the Lock' Miscellany of May, 1712, it must have been written under the second Charles. Prior says it was composed 'the Night before the Engagement' (*i.e.* the memorable evening in June, 1665, when the Dutch were beaten off Lowestoft); and the lines

> 'Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
> Roll up and down our ships at sea'—

certainly imply that it was composed afloat. Unfortunately, from a passage in Pepys's diary, it would seem to have been in existence some six months earlier, and so far from being 'written with ease,' Lord Orrery told Johnson that Dorset worked for a week at it. Whereupon the Doctor makes sagacious comment as to the doubtful veracity of splendid stories. But the witness of Pepys is far more fatal to the statement of Prior than the mere tittle-tattle of Orrery.

After Mat. Prior's magnificent patron, the roll of rhyming peers barely yields another of equal eminence. 'One of the great poets of this age,' says the old 'General Dictionary,' was John

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, a verdict scarcely confirmed by Johnson. For him, the illustrious Sheffield is a writer who 'sometimes glimmers but never shines,' who is 'feebly laborious, and at best but pretty.' '*Aussi*,' one might not unreasonably ask, in those memorable words which Molière 'conveyed' from Cyrano de Bergerac, '*que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère*' of the good Doctor's 'Lives of the Poets'? Still, he had relieved Tangier, fought under Schomberg, and learned warfare from Turenne,—things which perhaps bulk larger in the long run than mere verse spinning. But even in verse, Sheffield must be credited with a still marketable quotation, for is it not from His Grace's 'Essay on Poetry' that we get the famous 'Faultless monster which the world ne'er saw'? And all good Homerists will certainly endorse the following:

> 'Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
> For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
> Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
> And Homer's will be all the books you need.'

It is to another noble warrior, in many respects second only to Marlborough himself that we are indebted for some of the liveliest love-verses of

the century. Swift's 'Mordanto,' Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, of whose restless ubiquity it was said that he had 'seen more kings and postilions than any man in Europe,' would hardly detain us by the Platonic letters which he wrote in his volatile old age to Henrietta Howard (afterwards Lady Suffolk). But the septuagenarian stanzas which he addressed to her in the days when he used to perambulate Bath in his ribbon and star, cheapening a chicken and cabbage for dinner, and carrying them away composedly under his arm, certainly deserve remembrance, if only for their admirable opening:

'I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?'

Neither Clio, nor Sappho, nor Prudentia affect this super-sensitive organ.

'But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care,
When she comes in my way—the motion, the pain
The leapings, the achings, return all again.

'O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season;
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?'

The final line, as Croker says, is perhaps a little awkward. But Horace Walpole's misquotation—

'Who'd have thought Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?'

easily sets it right, and no other Person of Quality has done much better. Halifax, Pope's Bufo 'fed with soft dedication all day long,' rests his claim chiefly upon the 'Town and Country Mouse' parody of Dryden's 'Hind and Panther,' which Peterborough declared was mainly Prior's; while 'Granville the polite' (Lord Lansdowne) lives less by his modest madrigals to Myra (the Countess of Newburgh) than by his connection with the dedication of Pope's 'Windsor Forest':

'GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing?'

The chief patrician name in the poetry of the period is really that of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea, whose 'Nocturnal Reverie' Wordsworth mentions, with the above quoted 'Windsor Forest,' in the Preface to his 'Lyrical Ballads,' and who unquestionably ranks high as a student of 'external nature.' Her 'loosed horse' that,—

> 'as his pasture leads,
> Comes slowly grazing thro' th' adjoining meads,
> Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
> Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear,'—

might have fed in a paddock at Rydal Mount; and it must always be remembered that from this quiet, home-keeping, country-loving Countess, who played Ardelia to the Daphnis of a mathematical husband, and cultivated nerves upon tea and ratafia, Pope borrowed the 'aromatic pain' of a well-known line in the 'Essay on Man.' Lady Winchilsea, with her pensive note and her descriptive gift, makes us look eagerly for other lady poets. But there are none, for Anna Chamber, Countess Temple, would scarcely have found a printer, if her friend, Horace Walpole, had not possessed a private press at Strawberry Hill. 'The rest is silence,' until we reach, as we shall later, the Popesque eclogues of that very remarkable woman and letter-writer, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Almost equally futile is the quest for dramatists. Apart from a comedy by Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, a couple of Shakespearean tragedies by Lord Sheffield,—Shakespearean, that is to say, in subject,—and the youthful 'Mistakes' of Lord Cornbury, which was printed for Mrs.

Porter, the actress, titled authorship seems to have made but scanty contributions to stage literature, since the 'Sleep-Walker' of Lady Craven, another Strawberry Press issue, is merely done out of the French of Madame du Deffand's friend Pont de Veyle. Not the less, with Walpole's sombre and unpleasant 'Mysterious Mother,' it exhausts the dramatic output of the Peerage, and leaves us free to discuss the little group of prose writers, who constitute the strength and sinew (sometimes rather relaxed and enervated) of the aristocratic body with whom these pages are concerned.

Of these comes first and foremost, the once famous author of the 'Characteristics,' Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury. Most people know the 'Characteristics' by Baskerville's beautiful reprint of 1773; but Shaftesbury really belongs to the much earlier date of 1711, when the first collected edition appeared; and of that even, no inconsiderable portion had been composed in the previous century. It is his matter rather than his manner which Walpole commends. 'He delivers his doctrine in ecstatic diction, like one of the Magi inculcating philosophic visions to an Eastern auditory'—says the Abbot of Strawberry. Hazlitt, too, speaks of his

'flaunting, flowery, figurative, flirting style,' and Charles Lamb of his 'inflated rhapsodies.' In Lamb's day, Shaftesbury was classed with Sir William Temple as a model in the '*genteel*' way in writing; but as Elia himself employs the same epithet for Watteau ('Graceful as Raphael, as Watteau genteel'), it is manifest that the word must then have borne a significance different from the ignoble one which it is now held to suggest. Perhaps the best idea of the superfine author of 'An Enquiry concerning Virtue or Merit,' and 'A Letter concerning Enthusiasm,' is to be obtained from the portrait by Klosterman prefixed to his first volume. Here he is discovered, magnificently erect beneath a canopy of tumbled drapery, in all the bravery of a voluminous wig, and the 'wild civility' of a silk dressing-gown, worn toga-wise. Beneath his arm he holds a book; and at the back, through a Palladian portico, you catch a glimpse of one of those formal Dutch gardens in which he had lingered so long. If, in Buffon's metaphor, the style is really *l'homme même*, inner as well as outer, then you feel instinctively that such a grandiose personality could only 'condescend' to authorship, and that his written manner would be high-heeled, alembicate, tortured, desultory. Shaftesbury's optimist ethics

and ambiguous theology are now (as Gray predicted) but rarely studied, though you may still read his 'Advice to an Author,' and, with judicious reservations, feel grateful to the intrepid *virtuoso* who invoked ironic benediction on the inventor of miscellaneous writing, and insisted on 'a liberty in decent language to question everything' among gentlemen and friends. For the author of an 'Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour' was a literary force in his time, whose influence is traceable in Addison and Fielding, as well as in Pope and Voltaire, to say nothing of those 'soft moderns' for whom Culture, like the parmaceti of Shakespeare's fop, is 'the sovereign'st thing on earth for an inward bruise.'

One of the great writers last-mentioned, in a posthumous fragment, has not inaptly characterised the next philosophic essayist on the list. My Lord Bolingbroke, said the author of 'Tom Jones,' having made the peace of Europe the plaything of his youth, selected, for the pastime of his maturity, the final happiness or mankind. These are not Fielding's exact words, but they convey his meaning. That 'fell genius,' of which Garrick wrote shudderingly, has ceased to frighten children now; and the inquirer who essays the works of Henry St. John in Mallet's

quartos (after shaking off the dust) will probably discover speedily that they have been more talked about than read. Rhetorical fluency, intellectual dexterity, and distinct persuasive power, will no doubt be allowed to them. But the candid critic who goes farther, must proceed by negatives. He will find no variety, no humour, no real depth of learning, no honest conviction. Bolingbroke's admitted best effort is his 'Letter to Sir W. Windham,' in which, with infinite ingenuity and 'cunning of fence' he defends his own tortuous and opportunist policy; but, as an author, he is another illustration of the deceptive atmosphere that invests a meteoric figure. 'His life was one scene of the Wonderful throughout,' says Fielding again. His handsome presence, his social charm, his varied accomplishments, nay, his very vices even, made him the idol of his contemporaries, high and low. 'His mind' was 'adorned with the choicest gifts that God has yet thought fit to bestow upon the children of men,' said Swift the truthful, who loved and was fascinated by him; 'his conversation united the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace,' said poor indiscriminate Orrery. Lord Chesterfield, who, with a calmer pen, has drawn his friend's character—

a character in which 'good and ill were perpetually jostling one another,'—bears witness to his eloquence, his penetration, his memory, his acquirements. Of his works he says—'The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination, where endless conjectures supply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.' In theology, Lord Chesterfield affirms that Bolingbroke was a professed Deist, 'believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul and a future state.' 'He died of a cruel and shocking distemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewell with tenderness, and said, "God who placed me here will do what He pleases with me hereafter; and He knows best what to do. May He bless you!"'

Some of the remaining 'noble Authors' would loom larger in a longer paper, but can here be

little more than glanced at. Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery—not the Orrery just referred to, but another already mentioned as the writer of a comedy—deserves still better remembrance as the translator of those letters of Phalaris that 'led the Brawls' in the famous conflict between the Ancients and the Moderns, of which the prose 'Iliad' is Swift's 'Battle of the Books.' Swift was on the losing side; but that does not affect the extraordinary wit and cleverness of his contribution to the controversy. Another 'highly respectable name' is that of Fielding's friend and patron, George, Lord Lyttelton, who for all that he was mercilessly pilloried by Smollett as Gosling Scrag in his own day, and has been unanswerably identified in ours with the 'respectable Hottentot' of Chesterfield, was more like a literary man than any of his peers. His 'Dialogues of the Dead'—'Dead Dialogues,' Walpole profanely called them—still yield a faded pleasure to the reader in Harrison's 'British Essayists,' though it is to be feared that his 'History of Henry the Second,' despite the compliment paid to it by a recent historian, is not often consulted by our latter-day Stubbses and Gardiners. A third writer who must come in here, though he died twenty years before Lyttelton, is the 'Paris,' and 'Sporus,' and 'Lord

Fanny' of Pope—John, Lord Hervey, who had to wife the 'beautiful Molly Lepel' of an earlier paper.[1] Hervey of the coffin-face and painted cheeks was a kind of genius, a scholar of learning sufficient to revise Conyers Middleton's 'Life of Cicero,' a cultivated writer, a judge of character, a master of remorseless dramatic narrative. His terrible 'Memoirs' really belong to our own age, since it was early in the nineteenth century that they were exhumed from the Ickworth archives, much, says Thackeray, 'as if a Pompeii was opened to us, . . . dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots, its public places—lupanaria.' One feels, as the author of 'Vanity Fair' did, the need for 'some one to be friends with' in that ghastly, godless record of intrigue and self-seeking, in 'those crowds, pushing, and eager, and struggling—rouged, and lying, and fawning;' and one turns willingly to the brilliant woman who once collaborated with 'Lord Fanny' in an attack upon their common enemy, Pope, —we mean Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Pope had libelled them both (the lady unpardonably) in his first 'Imitation of Horace;' and they re-

[1] See 'Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey,' in 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' 3rd series, 1896, pp. 293-323.

torted in kind, dwelling ruthlessly on his obscure birth and 'wretched little Carcass':

> 'Like the first bold Assassin's be thy Lot,
> Ne'er be thy Guilt forgiven, or forgot;
> But as thou hate'st, be hated by Mankind,
> And with the Emblem of thy crooked Mind,
> Mark'd on thy Back, like *Cain*, by God's own Hand,
> Wander like him, accursed through the Land.'

These were the final couplets, to which Pope rejoined a year later by the matchlessly malignant portrait of Hervey as 'Sporus.' *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!* The above lines with the still quoted—

> '*Satire* shou'd, like a polish'd Razor keen,
> Wound with a Touch, that's scarcely felt or seen,'—

are, however, more like Lady Mary than 'Lord Fanny,' who, clever as he was, fared but ill at these numbers in such other specimens as exist of his skill. Lady Mary was an exceedingly witty, shrewd, and strong-, if somewhat coarse-minded woman, entirely honest, entirely truthful, a linguist, a narrator of the first order, and an acute critic of manners and customs, both at home and abroad, her experience of which had been diverse and far-reaching. In literature she had excellent discernment. She at once recog-

nised the superlative merit of her kinsman Fielding, in whose 'Tom Jones,' she wrote an admiring *Ne plus ultra;* but though she 'blubbered like a milkmaid' over Richardson, she remained fully alive to his defects, and his shortcomings in the depicting of high life. Her correspondence, like Walpole's, will probably gain rather than lose by keeping. Finally, in her 'Town Eclogues' and elsewhere, she showed unusual ability as a verse-writer. One may go farther, and say, as Ben Jonson said of one of his numerous 'sons-in-the-Muses,' that she wrote 'all like a man.' Listen to this, from the lines entitled 'The Lover,' which the late Mr. Locker Lampson quoted in his 'Lyra Elegantiarum,' and which, though coming, and purporting to come, from a feminine pen, has assuredly a masculine accent:

'But when the long hours of publick are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the aim of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till, lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

'And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,

In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel can guide.
From such a dear lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe:
But till this astonishing creature I know,
As I long have lived chaste, I will keep myself so.'

Wortley Montagu, Lyttelton, Hervey,—these, it will be seen, are not only names in the Peerage, but names in Literary History. The claim to that distinction of the two writers to whom we now come, is greater still. It was the pleasing fashion of the magazines of the last century to amuse themselves with Parallels in the Manner of Plutarch; and Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) and Lord Chesterfield lend themselves easily to such an exercise. Both were born in the purple, and remembered it; both were wits and fine gentlemen; both had an incontestable faculty for authorship, combined with a patrician contempt for the pen. Both dabbled in politics, although one was a statesman of eminence, the other an amateur; both, like their common friend, Lady Hervey, found their ideal life and models in French society; both, with the dignity of philosophers, endured the long-drawn tedium of an infirm and joyless old age. 'I cannot go up and down stairs,' says Walpole, 'without being led

by a servant. It is *tempus abire* for me; *lusi satis.*' 'I feel a gradual decay,' says Chesterfield, 'though a gentle one; and I think I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary.' In their work there are differences, although, as respects their correspondence, it is probable that both wrote without any definite idea—certainly without any professed intention—of future publication. But except some excellent 'Characters' (from which we have already quoted in speaking of Bolingbroke) and the unlucky papers in the 'World' which provoked the historical retort of Johnson, Lord Chesterfield's occasional efforts are practically forgotten, and his reputation rests mainly upon his letters to his son and his godson. These, as is well known, are less *nouvelles à-la-main* than lay sermons, inculcating a special code or scheme of conduct, which may be described roughly as the cultus of the imperturbable. As is also equally well known, they, and especially the earlier series, contain maxims which show extraordinary moral insensibility,—an insensibility which is the more culpable when it is remembered to whom their injunctions were addressed. But these reservations made at starting, they will be found

to be packed with the varied teaching of a shrewd criticism of life, and of a close, if cynical observation of mankind; and although their main doctrine is the converse of *esse quam videri*, those who think nothing is to be learned from them but the manners of a dancing master and the morals of a courtesan, are probably more biassed by the recollection of a prejudiced epigram, than influenced by a study of the letters themselves. The correspondence of Walpole, on the other hand, is of a different type. No one could call that didactic, or hortatory, or even learned. But, if Chesterfield gives us the theory of eighteenth-century life, as he conceived it, Walpole shows us that life in practice, as he lived it. It would be hard to find a more vivacious, a more amusing, a more original chronicler; hard to find a more lively and brilliant chronicle. 'Nothing,' says Thackeray truly, 'can be more cheery than Horace's letters. Fiddles sing all through them: wax-lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equipages, glitter and sparkle there; never was such a brilliant, jigging, smirking Vanity Fair as that through which he leads us.' His anecdotal gossip keeps the reader continually on the alert; his *bons mots* surprise and delight, his phraseology and unexpected use of words add the finishing

piquancy of touch. His descriptions of places and events are amazingly fresh and vivid; his perception of character of the keenest, and even his antipathies and little affectations (when they do not traverse our own) have a particularly stimulating savour. Open him where you will, you are sure of something that will annotate, if it does not constitute, the social history of the day.

Upon the whole, Horace Walpole, who himself wrote of Noble Authors, was, in his own day, the most illustrious of them all. In the letters, memoirs and minor verse which are their function, he was unrivalled; but he was also the writer of two books which, in any station of life, would have brought him a literary reputation, 'The Castle of Otranto' and 'The Mysterious Mother.'

THE STORY OF THE 'SPECTATOR.'

AMONG the items of intelligence in that unrivalled confidential news-letter which Swift was in the habit of scribbling off periodically to Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson at Dublin, there are frequent references to the 'Spectator' and its predecessor, the 'Tatler.' In September, 1710, when the 'Journal to Stella' begins, the 'Tatler' had already reached its two hundred and nineteenth number, and it must have been well known to Swift's correspondents, since he speaks of it much as folk might speak of any paper that everybody is sure to see. Have they 'smoakt' his letter (an admirable effort by the way) concerning the corruptions of style? It is greatly liked; and he himself thinks it 'a pure one.' Next he is at work on a 'poetical "Description of a Shower in London,"'[1] which he has finished, —'all but the beginning.' Why does '*Madam*

[1] 'Tatler,' No. 238.

Stell' persist that he wrote 'Shaver'?—he asks later. Elsewhere comes a reference to his share in Addison's 'Adventures of a Shilling,'[1] the original hint for which Addison admits was given to him by a friend with 'an inexhaustible Fund of Discourse.' Then again we learn that Swift has drawn up, conjointly with Rowe and Prior, a protest against the substitution of the words 'Great Britain' for 'England,' a proposal which is still under debate.[2] A page or two farther on, the long-pending misunderstanding with Steele has reached an acute stage, and the record bears witness to it. The 'Tatlers,' it is alleged, have fallen off; he never sees either Addison or Steele; he has sent them no more hints. After this final announcement (more deadly even than St. John's Stamp Act!), one is prepared to hear of the collapse of the paper. Oddly enough, it *does* collapse in the very next entry. '*Steele's* last *Tatler* came out to-day.' 'It was time, for he

[1] 'Tatler,' No. 249.

[2] 'In Scotland 35,000 signatures have been put to a memorial asking that "Great Britain" and "British" should be substituted for "England" and "English" in State documents and official references to national institutions like the Army' ('St. James's Gazette,' June 3, 1897).

grew cruel dull and dry.' But Swift's love of letters is greater than his irritation against his alienated friends; and two months after, he is writing enthusiastically of Steele's fresh venture. 'Have you seen the "Spectator" yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. *Steele*, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had something pretty.' The praise was not undeserved. By March 16, 1711, when the above was written, the 'Spectator' had been in vigorous existence for a fortnight. The short-faced sage was already taking the measure of mankind; and if Sir Roger de Coverley had been but broadly outlined, the 'Vision of Public Credit' had been penned, the story of Inkle and Yarico told, and Swift himself—though Mrs. Pilkington says he 'had not laugh'd above twice' in his life—might reasonably have relaxed his muscles a little over the humours of Nicolini and the Lion. The 'Spectator,' in short, had already become not merely an indispensable 'Part of the Tea Equipage' (as claimed in its tenth issue), but a necessary of intellectual life. The smart young Templars, in their gorgeous dressing-gowns and strawberry sashes, were already crying out for it

at Serle's and the Grecian; it was permanently *en lecture* at Will's and the St. James's Coffee-house; solemn quidnuncs and deliberate club-oracles, like Mr. Nisby of the 'Citizen's Journal,' were beginning to take it for the text of their daily lucubrations; while Mrs. Betty regularly carried it upstairs at noon with Clarinda's dish of chocolate, between the newest patterns of Mr. Lutestring the mercer and the latest *poulet* from Mr. Froth.

The farewell number of the 'Tatler' appeared on the 2nd of January, 1711; the first number of the 'Spectator' on the 1st of March following. In appearance the two papers were not dissimilar. Both were single *folio* leaves in double column; both—at all events when the 'Tatler' was nearing its end—consisted of a solitary essay, headed by a Latin quotation and followed by a series of advertisements. Each was equally open to the charge, which had been made by an injured correspondent, of being offered to the world on 'Tobacco Paper' in 'Scurvy Letter.' The only material difference was that the 'Tatler' was published three times a week; and the 'Spectator' was published daily, Sundays excepted,—a difference scarcely enough in itself, one would suppose, to justify a fresh departure. But why

the 'Tatler' was prematurely concluded at the two hundred and seventy-first number, and the 'Spectator' substituted for it, remains a problem the solution of which is still to seek. Steele's explanation is, that he had become individually identified with 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' and this being so, his own fallible personality was powerless to give authority to his office of Censor. 'I shall not carry my Humility so far as to call my self a vicious Man, but at the same Time must confess, my Life is at best but pardonable. And with no greater Character than this, a Man would make but an indifferent Progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable Vices, which Mr. *Bickerstaff* has done with a Freedom of Spirit that would have lost both its Beauty and Efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele.' Upon the face of them these are sufficient reasons, and they would have sufficed had it not been for the fact that the 'Tatler' was almost immediately succeeded by another paper which—as Swift says truly—was 'in the same nature.' But it has also been suggested that there were other reasons at which Steele himself, in his valedictory words, hints vaguely. 'What I find is the least excusable Part of all this Work'—he tells us—'is, that I have in some Places in it touched upon

Matters which concern both the Church and State.' This *obiter dictum* opens too long and too perplexed an enquiry to be here pursued in detail. Briefly stated, it would seem that certain utterances of Mr. Bickerstaff, not of necessity from Steele's pen, had offended the Lord Treasurer, Harley, who had come into power while the 'Tatler' was in progress, and that with those utterances its cessation was in some obscure way connected. A certain amount of colour is given to this contention in a tract by John Gay which expressly says that the 'Tatler' was laid down 'as a sort of submission to, and composition with, the Government, for some past offences.'[1] But here again it is to be observed that the 'Spectator,' though at the outset professing neutrality between Whigs and Tories, neither observed nor engaged to observe a total abstinence from politics, so that, after all, caprice, or the weariness of the work which Swift alleges, may have played a foremost part in those 'Thousand nameless Things' which made it irksome to Steele to continue to personate Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff. One circumstance, however, is beyond all

[1] See 'The Present State of Wit, in a Letter to a Friend in the Country,' 1711.

question. Whether Defoe's 'Review' or the 'Athenian Mercury' or the 'London Gazette' had most to do with the establishment of the 'Tatler' may be debatable; but there can be no doubt that the 'Spectator' is the legitimate successor of the 'Tatler.' The 'Tatler' is the 'Spectator' in the making; and the 'Spectator' is the developed and perfected 'Tatler,' which, beginning with little save the *Quicquid agunt Homines* of its motto, gradually grew more ethical and less topical, restricting itself at last almost exclusively to those separate essays on single subjects which we are still accustomed to associate with the name of the 'Spectator.'

And if it can be proved that we owe the 'Spectator' to the 'Tatler,' it is equally demonstrable that we owe Addison to Steele. When that quondam trooper, Christian Hero, and stage-moralist, Queen Anne's Gazetteer, casting about for something to supplement an income which had always consisted largely of expectations, hit upon the project of a paper which should combine the latest Foreign Intelligence with the newest Gossip of the Town, Addison was Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. At this date, his contributions to literature consisted practically of an Opera of

'Rosamond' which had failed; of a volume of travels on the continent which might have been written at home, like Du Halde's 'China;' and of the 'Campaign,' a long-incubated[1] 'Gazette in *Rhyme*' concerning the Battle of Blenheim, which included a fortunate simile about an angel in a whirlwind. With Steele's literary venture came Addison's literary opportunity. When, in the new periodical which his old school-fellow's inventive spirit had started, he recognised a remark of his own, he sent him a contribution; and although it was some time before he began to write regularly, it was clear from the first that he had found a favourable vehicle for his unique and hitherto latent gifts of humorous observation. Steele's own qualifications were, of course, by no means contemptible. He was a sympathetic critic; he had the true journalistic faculty of taking fire readily; his knowledge of the contemporary theatre was not only exceptional but experimental; and he had the keenest eye for the ridiculous, the kindest heart for sorrow and distress. But there can be little doubt

[1] 'Next week will be Published the long expected poem, by Joseph Addison, Esq.: called The Campaign and sold by Mr. Jacob Tonson' ('The Diverting Post,' Dec. 2-9, 1704).

that in the finely-wrought La Bruyère-like sketches of Tom Folio, Ned Softly, and the Political Upholsterer, in the Rabelaisian 'Frozen Voices' and the delightful 'Adventures of a Shilling,' Addison at once attained a level higher than anything at which his friend had aimed. Re-acting upon Steele's own efforts, these papers stimulated him to new ambitions, and gave to the latter half of the 'Tatler' as he himself admitted, an elegance, a purity, and a correctness which had been no initial part of his hastily-conceived and hurriedly-executed scheme. 'I fared'—he said, in words which have become historical—'like a distressed Prince who calls in a powerful Neighbour to his Aid; I was undone by my Auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without Dependence on him.' And whatever may be the secret history of the cessation of the 'Tatler,' incapacity to carry it on can hardly be urged as an explanation. For, when it came to an end, not only had its original projector raised his own standard, but during the course of his enterprise, he had secured the services of an anonymous assistant whose equipment in the way of delicate irony and whimsical fancy has never yet been surpassed.

Under these auspices then, the 'Spectator'

made its first appearance on the 1st of March, 1711. Of the circumstances which preceded that appearance nothing definite has been recorded. Some outline, some scheme of campaign should—one would think—have been determined upon before publication, but the information which has come down to us tends rather the other way. Tickell, who, ten years later, edited Addison's works with a strong bias in his deceased patron's favour, says, in apologising for including one of Steele's papers among Addison's, that 'the Plan of the "Spectator," as far as regards the feigned Person of the Author, and of the several characters that compose his Club, was projected in concert with SIR RICHARD STEELE,'—a statement which some later critics have most unaccountably interpreted to mean that the honours belong exclusively to Addison. But almost in his next sentence Tickell goes on—'As for the distinct Papers, they were never or seldom shewn to each other, by their respective Authors,'—which is hardly in favour of any elaborate programme or associated action. Indeed, apart from a certain rough agreement as to the first two numbers, or 'Prefatory Discourses,' there seems to have been no such programme, and any assertion to the contrary prompts the suspicion that

the 'Spectator,' notwithstanding the famous *nocturna versate manu, versate diurna* of Johnson, is more talked about than read. In Number 1, which is undeniably by Addison, he sketched lightly and with his own inimitable touch, that taciturn 'Looker-on,' whose 'Sheet-full of Thoughts' was to appear every morning, Sundays excepted. Following this, in Number 2, which is as unmistakably Steele's, was dashed off the little group of 'select Friends' who were to make up the 'Spectator' Club, headed by the kit-cat of Sir Roger de Coverley. The other five members were a Templar, a Clergyman, a Soldier (Captain Sentry) a Merchant (Sir Andrew Freeport) and Will Honeycomb, an elderly fine gentleman and Man of Pleasure. A Committee from this body was to sit nightly in order to inspect 'all such Papers as may contribute to the Advancement of the Publick Weal.' Some of Addison's advocates have attempted to transfer the credit of this second number from Steele to Addison by suggesting that the characters were 'touched' by the latter. But even if the style did not exhibit all the indications of that hasty genius which contrived the 'Trumpet Club' in the 'Tatler,' the paper is disfigured by a piece of negligent bad taste which makes it more than

probable that Addison never saw it until it was published. The passage concerning beggars and gipsies in the description of Sir Roger, is one which Steele's heedless pen may conceivably have thrown off in a hurry; but it is also one to which Addison—assuming him at this stage to have had the slightest mental idea of the character whose last hours he was afterwards to describe with such effective simplicity—could never have given his *imprimatur*. It is an outrage far less excusable than the historical lapse committed by Tickell, when, in No. 410, he allowed the Knight for a moment to mistake a woman of the town for a 'Woman of Honour,'—a mistake, after all, no worse than that later, and more memorable misadventure, where an entire family circle were deceived in the identity of my Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs.

The truth would appear to be, that the character of the Worcestershire baronet, so happily developed in the sequel under the pens of the two friends, was, at the outset, rather a lucky accident of invention than the first stage in a preconceived creation; and many numbers succeeded to Steele's description of the Club before Sir Roger de Coverley was again seriously presented to the reader. He is indeed mentioned

incidentally three or four times in subsequent 'Spectators,' but it is not until No. 106 that he really begins to assume the importance which has made him a personage in English Literature. In accordance with a hint casually dropped in No. 46, Addison in No. 106 gives an account of the Coverley household with its old-fashioned ways, which include an old chaplain who understands 'a little of Back-Gammon,'[1] and reads the sermons of Tillotson and Barrow from his pulpit instead of his own compositions. Steele came after with another paper, on the Coverley servants; and Addison followed that by the masterpiece of Will Wimble, the poor gentleman and younger brother, who is almost as well known in letters as the Knight himself. In the next of the series, Steele, with a hand scarcely less skilful than that of his colleague, describes the family picture gallery; and certainly nothing in Addison is happier than its closing touch about the ancestor who 'narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars' by being 'sent out of the Field upon a private Message, the Day before

[1] Swift apparently thought this accomplishment a *sine qua non* in a chaplain. 'Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon?'—he asks Lady Queensberry, when he is proposing to visit her at Amesbury.

the Battel of Worcester.' Three papers farther on, Addison depicts a country Sunday; and Steele responds with an account of Sir Roger and the 'perverse beautiful Widow' of the introductory sketch. Then we have Sir Roger hare-hunting; Sir Roger on his way to the Country-Assizes delivering the time-honoured judgment that 'much might be said on both Sides;' and Sir Roger interviewing the Gipsies. After this, very little is heard of the Knight until he comes to London, and goes (by this time always with Addison) to Westminster Abbey, to Drury-Lane Playhouse (to see Anne Oldfield as Andromache in the 'Distrest Mother' of Mr. Phillips), and to the Spring-Garden at Vauxhall. The last record of him—for we may neglect the ambiguous tavern-incident referred to in our previous paragraph—is the admirable letter, again by Addison, in which Mr. Biscuit, the butler, describes his master's last illness and death. It has been sometimes asserted that Addison, after the fashion of Cervantes, killed his hero to prevent greater liberties being taken with him; but the interval between the Tickell escapade and the butler's despatch is too wide to establish any definite connection between the respective occurrences, and, moreover, the Club itself was obvi-

ously being wound up. Of its remaining members the authors never made any material use. In the allotment of the characters, it is but reasonable to suppose that Addison (in addition to Sir Roger) would have devoted himself to the Templar and Will Honeycomb, while the Soldier, the Merchant, and the Clergyman would fall to the share of Steele. In practice, nevertheless, nothing so definite ever came to pass. After Steele's first sketch in No. 2, the Clergyman only once re-appears, while the Templar is little but a name. Sir Andrew Freeport delivers himself occasionally upon matters of trade, and Captain Sentry occupies a couple of papers. As for the gallant Will Honeycomb, though he can scarcely be styled a *personnage muet*, his chief contribution to the interest of the fable is the marriage to a country girl (in a grogram gown) with which he quits both the Town and the scene. Whether these portraits had actual originals is doubtful. Tickell, who should have been well informed, regarded the whole of the characters as 'feigned,' and Steele in No. 262 expressly disclaims the delineation of his contemporaries. The reader, he says, would think the better of him, if he knew the pains he was at in qualifying what he wrote after such a manner, that nothing might

be interpreted as aimed at private persons. But his disclaimer has been as futile as the disclaimers of Hogarth and Fielding; and, as usual, Sir Roger and Will Wimble, Captain Sentry and the Widow, have not been allowed to want for models.

The Coverley sequence and the proceedings of the Club must not, however, be supposed to constitute the sole theme of the 'Spectator,' or even to present its chief features of interest. Something more than the fitful apparition of a few figures whose sayings and doings scarcely occupy fifty papers out of five hundred and fifty-five, must clearly have been required to allure and retain the interest of subscribers whose enthusiasm survived an increased price and a prohibitive Stamp Tax. At this time of day, it is probable that the graver and more critical efforts of Addison, and the edifying lay-sermon which represents the 'Christian Hero' side in Steele would not find a very attentive audience. But it must be remembered that, when they were first penned, it was a new thing to discover poetry in 'Chevy Chase' and the 'Children in the Wood,' or to include, in pages professedly occupied by social sketches and sub-humorous satire, disquisitions upon Death, Benevolence, Ambition, and Solitude. Under Anna Augusta,

Steele's moral essays and Addison's criticisms enjoyed and deserved a vogue which new methods of analysis and other fashions of exhortation have long made impossible; and in the old *Beauties*, these papers occupy a far larger place than the sketches of contemporary manners and the studies of individual types which to us now form the main attraction of the 'Spectator.' Of these studies and sketches there are enough and to spare. Neither Addison nor Steele, it is true, ever excelled the 'first sprightly runnings' of the 'Tatler,' and it may be doubted if either afterwards produced anything that really rivals Mr. Bickerstaff's 'Visit to a Friend' or (in its kind) the perennial 'Ned Softly' of the earlier paper. On the other hand the 'Meditations in Westminster Abbey,' the 'Vision of Mirzah,' the 'Everlasting Club,' the admirable 'Citizen's' and 'Fine Lady's' Journals, and the various papers on Headdresses, Hoods, Patches, Fans and a hundred other themes belong to Addison and the 'Spectator,' while Steele, in the same pages, has many essays which reach the level of his excellent 'Death of Estcourt,' his 'Ramble from Richmond to London,' his 'Stage-Coach Journey' and his 'Story of Brunetta and Phyllis.' Nothing can give a better notion of the sustained

fertility of the two friends than the statement that, out of the above-mentioned total of five hundred and fifty-five numbers, more than five hundred were written by Steele and the still nameless 'Auxiliary,' to whom, at the close, he again, over his own signature, pays grateful tribute. 'I am indeed much more proud of his long continued Friendship, than I should be of the Fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the "Tender Husband," I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a Work written by us both, which should bear the name of the *Monument*, in Memory of our Friendship.'

But if Addison's assistance as an anonymous contributor to his friend's enterprise had its advantages, it must be confessed that, as far as that friend is concerned, it also had its drawbacks. Although at first the result was to identify Steele with the entire work much more comprehensively than the circumstances warranted (the old *folio* titles of the 'Spectator,' in fact, attribute the whole of the papers to him),[1] upon the other hand

[1] One of these, now before us, runs—'A Compleat Sett of the SPECTATORS, By Richard Steele, Esq., London:

he occasionally became personally responsible for utterances not his own, which had given grave offence. So that if, in Swift's words, 'he flourish'd by imputed Wit,' he also suffered by imputed Satire. 'Many of the Writings now published as his [Addison's],' says Steele in his letter to Congreve, 'I have been very patiently traduced and calumniated for; as they were pleasantries and oblique strokes upon certain of the wittiest men of the Age.' When, in Tickell's edition of 1721, Addison's contributions to the 'Tatler' were definitely identified, and their extent and import thoroughly apprehended, people began—perhaps naturally at first—to transfer a disproportionate amount of the credit to Addison, and to assign a much lower place to Steele, who was sometimes spoken of as if he were no more than a mere colourless mediocrity, to whose good fortune it had fallen to farm a genius. This reaction, in spite of the protests of such critics as Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, may be said to have culminated in Macaulay's brilliant 'Edinburgh' article of 1843 on Miss Aikin's 'Addison.' Here Steele is systematically depressed to exalt

Printed for *S. Buckley* and *J. Tonson*, and sold by *A. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick Lane*, MDCCXIII.'

his friend, whose worst essay, in the great critical special pleader's opinion, was as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. Twelve years after, in March, 1855, Mr. John Forster valiantly took up the cudgels for Steele in the 'Quarterly,' and from this date Steele's character may be said to have been gradually rehabilitated. That Addison was the major contributor to the 'Spectator,' and that he had gifts of style and expression to which his colleague could not pretend, may be granted. But it must also be granted that, as compared with that colleague, he had some very manifest advantages. He was, and remained, a contributor only, working at his ease; and, in any failure of fancy, he could, as Tickell allows, fall back upon long-accumulated material, such as his essays on Milton, Wit, Imagination and the like, to serve his turn. Steele, on the contrary, was not only responsible editor, but sub-editor as well, and when matter or invention ran short, he was often obliged to 'make up' with the communications of his correspondents.[1] In the way of reserve 'copy,' he had nothing but

[1] 'When a Man has engaged to keep a Stage-Coach,' says he in 'Tatler' No. 12, 'he is obliged, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out.' Fielding has the same thought in the 'initial essay' to Book II. of 'Tom Jones.'

a few of his own old love-letters to his wife and a quotation or two from the 'Christian Hero.' These conditions were not favourable to 'correctness,' if 'correctness' had been his aim; and they should be taken into account in assessing the relative merits of the two friends, who, it must be noted, never succeeded as well when they worked apart as they succeeded when they worked together. Although they may not have revised each other's writings, it was the conjunction of their individualities which made the 'Spectator' what it remains,—the most readable of the Eighteenth-Century Essayists; and in this conjunction Steele was the originating, and Addison the elaborating, intellect. The primary invention, the creative idea, came from Steele; the shaping power, the decorative art from Addison.[1] What Steele with his 'veined humanity' and ready sympathy derived from 'conversation,' to use the eighteenth-century term for intercourse with the world—he flung upon his paper then and there without much labour of selection; what Addison perceived in his environment when—to use Steele's phrase—he began 'to look about him

[1] What follows—to obviate laborious paraphrase—is borrowed almost textually from the writer's life of Steele (1886).

and like his company,' he carried carefully home to carve into some gem of graceful raillery or refined expression. Each writer has, naturally, the defects of his qualities. If Addison delights us by his finish, he repels us by his restraint and absence of fervour; if Steele is careless, he is always frank and genial. Addison's papers are faultless in their art, and in this way achieve an excellence which is beyond the reach of Steele's quicker and more impulsive nature. But for words which the heart finds when the head is seeking; for phrases glowing with the white heat of a generous emotion; for sentences which throb and tingle with manly pity or courageous indignation—we must turn to the essays of Steele.

A WALK FROM FULHAM TO CHISWICK.

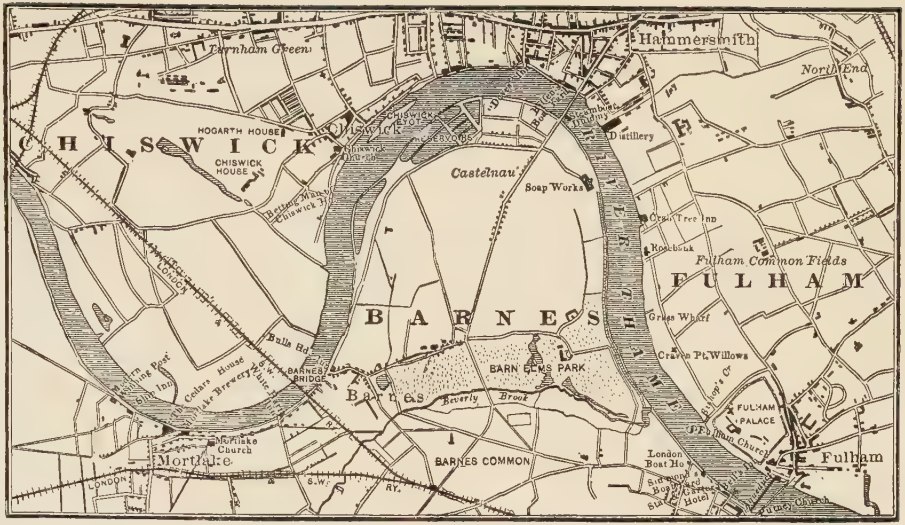
A FAMOUS river is a natural conductor of tradition. We stand by this or that decaying monument,—in this or that deserted chamber,—and often find them as unsuggestive as the primrose was to Peter Bell. But with a river the case is different. It is alive. It was the contemporary of yesterday, as it is the contemporary of to-day,—as it will be of to-morrow when we shall no more tread its banks. For myself, I confess I never look upon the Thames—that Thames which to me, as an impenitent Londoner, is far above either Amazon or Mississippi—without feeling that my apprehension of the past, or at all events that portion of the past with which I am best acquainted, is strangely quickened and stimulated. Beside the broad, smooth-flowing stream, now, alas! sadly harried of fussy steam-launches and elbowed of angular

embankments, I have merely to pause, and memories press thick upon me. I can see Steele landing at Strand Bridge, with 'ten sail of Apricock boats' from Richmond, after taking in melons at Nine Elms; I can see 'Sir Roger' and 'Mr. Spectator' embarking at the Temple Stairs in the wherry of the waterman who had lost his leg at La Hogue. Yonder comes a sound of French horns, and Mr. Horace Walpole's barge goes sliding past, with flashing oars, carrying Lady Caroline Petersham and 'Little Ashe' to mince chicken at Vauxhall, and picking up Lord Granby on the way—'very drunk from Jenny's Whim.' Or it is Swift, with 'that puppy Patrick' in attendance to hold his nightgown and slippers, bathing by moonlight at Chelsea; and by and by posting home to tell Mrs. Dingley and Stella, in the famous 'Journal,' that he has lost his landlady's napkin in the water, and will have to pay for it. Lower down, at the Dark House at Billingsgate, is the merry party of Hogarth's 'Five Days' Tour,' setting out at one in the morning on their journey towards Gravesend, lying on straw under a tilt, and singing 'St. John' and 'Pishoken' to keep up their spirits. Or lower down again, at Rotherhithe, it is Henry Fielding, sick of many diseases, but

waiting cheerfully (only that his wife, poor soul, has a 'raging tooth!') to start in the 'Queen of Portugal,' Richard Veal, master, on his last voyage to Lisbon. Or again . . . But there would be no end to the 'agains.' Moreover, I am but newly alighted at the Fulham and Putney Bridge Station of the Metropolitan District Railway (how bare and modern the words look!), and am bound, under charter of my title, on a pilgrimage from Fulham to Chiswick.

About the existing Fulham there is but little of antiquity; and it must be sadly changed since the time when Sir Robert Walpole, spurring hard from his royal master at Hampton Court, found it impossible to cross the river from Putney, because the Tory ferrymen, perfectly alive to his presence, were carousing at the 'Swan' on the opposite bank. With those who incline to the romantic side of history, this incident is supposed to have been the prime cause of the fine old wooden bridge, which is now so soon to be supplanted by a more modern structure.[1] For the moment it is still standing, with its picturesque toll-house, reminding one vaguely of that chamber over the gate which Longfellow has sung. But its days are numbered; and the

[1] This was written in 1886. See note at end.



A MAP OF THE THAMES FROM FULHAM TO CHISWICK.

mingle-mangle of sheds, and masonry, and snorting engines, and all the noisy concomitants of the new works, make it impossible to recover much of the ancient aspect of the town, still less to conceive it as a village remote from London, where Joshua Sylvester sunned himself under his uncle's 'plumb-tree,' and John Florio and George Daniel—nay, possibly even WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE himself—hobnobbed their parcel-gilt goblets over a sea-coal fire in the deep chimneys of the 'Golden Lion.' As I pass by Sir William Powell's pretty almshouses into the churchyard, and up its pleasant avenue of limes, I am impressed by the recollection that no fewer than nine bishops lie in this quiet God's-acre. But my pilgrimage is literary above all; and I am more interested in searching for the resting-place of Vincent Bourne, that delicate eighteenth-century Latinist who put Hogarth's 'Midnight Conversation' into hendecasyllabics, and whose delightful 'Cornicula' Cowper translated as delightfully:

> 'There is a bird who by his coat,
> And by the hoarseness of his note,
> Might be supposed a crow,' etc.

Cowper's publisher, Johnson, the Johnson or

the 'Olney Hymns' and of Darwin's 'Botanic Garden,' is also buried here. And opposite the chancel is a tablet to Theodore Hook, the novelist, to whom I shall presently return.

With the exception of Ruddle's musical peal of bells, there is little to detain one in the church itself. Successive restoration, some of it quite recent, has taken the bloom off its old-world air, and it is notable chiefly for its monuments. One of these, in the tower porch, is to Mordaunt of Avalon, father of Swift's 'Mordanto,' that gallant and eccentric Earl of Peterborough who married Anastasia Robinson, the singer. The statue in its centre is by Bird, obviously the Bird of whose Cloudesley Shovel at Westminster Addison speaks with such contempt in a well-known 'Spectator.' 'That brave rough Admiral,' that 'plain gallant man,' says he, 'is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself on velvet cushions under a canopy of state.' My Lord Mordaunt's effigy is designed in the same misguided spirit. He was constable of Windsor, and therefore appears in the full costume of an antique Roman, brandishing a baton of office. Other curious monuments are those of Lady Dorothy Clark and Lady Margaret Legh. The latter is majestic in a wheel-farthingale, ruff,

and veil. In her lap she has a quaint little swaddled figure, and a second stands up on end at her side.

To the left of the churchyard runs Church Lane, at the corner of which is a curious pseudo-gothic house of the Strawberry Hill pattern, called Pryor's Bank. The back looks towards the church; the front, with its gardens, faces the river. Its present name was given to it in 1834, when it came into the possession of two kindly disciples of Captain Grose, who filled it with good-fellowship, and an *omnium gatherum* of

> 'auld nick-nackets,
> Rusty airn caps, and jingling jackets,'

long since dispersed under the hammer, but of which Mr. Crofton Croker has given a minute account in his 'Walk from London to Fulham.' Farther down the lane, on a spot now occupied by the unsightly aqueduct which crosses the river at the old bridge, stood Egmont Lodge, where Theodore Hook resided for the last ten years of his life. He was a frequent guest at Pryor's Bank, and an indispensable ally in the mediæval mummeries and modern high-jinks which delighted its antiquarian proprietors. Barham has left us a passing idea of this secluded

little retreat, with its high-walled garden and pet gulls; but his unwilling picture of the failing joke-spinner, sinking deeper and deeper into debt, over-burdened with literary work, and making desperate efforts (with the aid of brandy and water) to sustain his reputation as a diner-out, is a profoundly depressing one. It was while Hook was at Egmont Lodge that the author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends' calling one day at the old house in its master's absence, left the following impromptu lines behind him—lines which Mr. Locker Lampson has thought good enough to be preserved in 'Lyra Elegantiarum:'

'As Dick and I
Were a-sailing by
At Fulham bridge, I cocked my eye,
And says I, "Add-zooks!
There's Theodore Hook's,
Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books.

'"I wonder," says I,
Still keeping my eye
On the house, "if he's in—I should like to try.'
With his oar on his knee,
Says Dick, says he,
"Father, suppose you land and see!"'

'"What, land and *sea*,"
Says I to he,
"Together! why, Dick, why, how can that be?"

And my comical son,
Who is fond of fun,
I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

'So we rows to shore,
And knocks at the door—
When William, a man I've seen often before,
Makes answer and says,
"Master's gone in a chaise
Call'd a *homnibus*, drawn by a couple of bays."

'So I says then,
"Just lend me a pen";
"I will, sir," says William, politest of men;
So having no card, these poetical brayings
Are the record I leave of my doings and sayings.'

Omnibuses, it will be perceived, were still strange objects in June, 1834. Somewhere near Hook's house must have stood the old 'Swan Inn' from which the ferrymen defied Walpole, and to which Marryat refers in 'Jacob Faithful.' It was supposed to date from William III., and was burnt down as late as 1871. But I am straying from my route, which lies by Fulham Palace.

As I pass out between Pryor's Bank and the churchyard, I enter upon the Bishop's Walk. The river flows by me to the left, and on the right the moat separates me from the grounds of the time-honoured manor-house of Fulham, so

long the home of successive bishops of London. The elms and chestnuts are covered with sparks of spring, and ragged urchins fish, as always, in the half-dry moat. Across the trim lawns and between the tree-trunks come glimpses of the old chimney-stacks and patchwork of architecture, which have grown up under a long line of episcopal occupants, most of whom sleep in the adjacent churchyard. What Bishop Fitzjames added, what Bishop Blomfield preserved, the library of Bishop Porteus, the chapel of Bishop Tait, the avenue of Bishop Compton, the summer-house where grim old Bonner interrogated his victims,—all these would be delightful to gossip about, if I were writing on elephant folio in a monster magazine. But space—in the present case, at least—is limited. Meanwhile, strolling slowly along the Bishop's Walk, and watching the wide stream, where a panting Kew-bound steamer is turning up the waves in such a track of molten silver as of yore would have delighted Cecil Lawson, I find I have reached the inlet known to oarsmen as the Bishop's Creek. Here, deviating slightly from the river, and leaving to my right a lofty avenue of elms, I strike into a lane which leads between meadows and thrush-haunted market gardens to the 'Crab-Tree Inn,' a little

hostelry at the end of a *cul de sac* by the water-side. There is nothing of interest on the way but Craven Cottage, a now rather dilapidated Gothic house, built by the Margravine of Ansbach. Tradition speaks of remarkable internal decorations, palm-tree columns, and so forth; but its chief interest to me lies in the fact that it was once tenanted by Bulwer, who wrote some of his novels in it. Looking across the river from this point, Barn Elms is nearly opposite. Here once lived left-legged Jacob Tonson, the bookseller; and here, in a room which he built for the purpose, the famous 'Kit Cat Club' assembled. Here, too, dwelt Heidegger of the Masquerades, whom Pope and Fielding and Hogarth satirized; and plain-speaking Cobbett of the 'Rural Rides.' But the historical resident of Barn Elms was the poet Abraham Cowley, seeking in 1663 that 'little Zoar' in the country which seems always the dream of the town-dweller. He did not find it, of course—who does? The 'small House and large Garden' of his aspirations was but 'hired;' the air disagreed with him; his tenants cheated him; his neighbours put their cattle in his pastures. Moreover, the spot that he had 'taken for an hermitage' was a favourite resort of cockney pleasure-seekers.

Garrulous Mr. Samuel Pepys, sailing in his boat 'as far as Barn Elms' and fortifying himself by 'reading of Mr. Evelyn's late new book against solitude,' sees with admiration 'gallant ladies and people come with their bottles, and basket, and chairs, and form, to sup under the trees by the water-side.' All this must have been fatal to 'alma Quies' and her votary, who moved not long afterwards to Chertsey, where he died.

There are barges with dead-leaf sails—such barges as Mr. Whistler used to delight in before he took to symphonies and *nocturnes*—unloading slates in front of the 'Crab-Tree Inn' when I reach it. The name of the little ale-house is a misnomer now, for the old tree with seats in the branches, which I so well remember, has gone the way of trees and men. Probably before long this peaceful 'angle of the earth' also, from which so many seasons have seen

'Up the imperial stream flash the imperious eights,'

as the Collins-cum-Cayley line has it, will be surrendered to the brick and mortar destroyer. Ominous notice boards, as to 'desirable sites' and 'capital frontages,' are already beginning to appear in the neighbourhood, and it is with a boding sigh that one turns from the river, a

peep of which is thus afforded, into the Fulham Palace Road. Thenceforth the journey lies through the ordinary Arabia Petræa of the suburbs, with nothing more delectable than a fly-blown announcement in a gin-palace window to the effect that it is the rendezvous of the 'Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes.' Farther on, in a humbler house of call, is a notice that a 'Nose Club' has been held on the premises since 1867. This, with its highly realistic cartoons of the members, and its suggestion of the 'Ugly Club' in the 'Spectator,' is my sole consolation until I reach Hammersmith Church. At Hammersmith the work of 'improvement' is going on even more actively than at Fulham. Already the church tower has disappeared, and in its place is rising a spick-and-span modern edifice of Mansfield stone, with fluted pillars of Belgian marble. Under this, what remains of the older building, nestles forlornly. As I peer into it, I see dimly the time-black altar-piece which Gibbons carved and Cipriani decorated, and wonder mournfully what its ultimate fate may be. It can scarcely be transferred to the new church. Perhaps it will be purchased by the South Kensington Museum! In the nave is the monument of that staunch royalist Sir Nicholas Crisp, surmounted

by a bronze bust of Charles I. Under this, in an urn, was the good knight's heart, which (says Faulkner) it was long the custom to 'refresh' annually with a cup of wine. Worlidge the etcher is buried here; and Fielding's first biographer, Arthur Murphy. In the old days Hammersmith Church had its pulpit hour-glass, of which a late example may be seen in Hogarth's 'Sleeping Congregation.' Gay, too, refers to it in the 'Shepherd's Week,' when he says that the parson, preaching Blouzelinda's funeral sermon,

'Spoke the Hour-Glass in her Praise quite out.'

To Hammersmith Suspension Bridge from Hammersmith Church is but a stone's throw. At the water-side is the old Mall, extending, with its rows of boats, along the river to Chiswick. A foot-bridge over a creek, round which lies a malodorous and populous district known as Little Wapping, divides it into the Upper and Lower Mall; and it is still shaded in parts by tall elms which date from William and Mary, when its bastion-like frontage was also constructed. There are few houses of note in the Lower Mall; but between it and the Upper Mall, and next to the 'Doves' public-house

(where, by the way, is to be seen one of the last survivals of the ancient game of 'bumble-puppy'), is a cottage called 'The Seasons,' from which Thomson is supposed to have inspected the frozen Thames and written part of 'Winter.' In the Upper Mall lived Charles the Second's neglected wife, Catherine of Braganza, and Queen Anne's physician, Dr. Radcliffe. Sussex House was the residence of Marryat, who filled it with sailor-like hospitality and farce *à la* Theodore Hook. But the most original dweller in the Upper Mall was Louis Weltjé, cook to George IV., and owner of the hideous Pavilion on the Steyne at Brighton. He died at Hammersmith, where his imperturbable Teutonic humour and excellent table attracted many illustrious visitors. In Angelo's chatty reminiscences there is a capital account of one of these gastronomic symposia, at which Bannister, Munden, and Rowlandson the caricaturist assisted, and the host mixed sauces, and told stories in his funny German-English. 'Fon I gote to de fost dumbpike beyond Kensington, from town, de goach stobed some time, fon me say, "Ged on:" fon de dumbpike say, "Sir, dere be nobody on de bokes,"' etc. The charioteer, in fact, had fallen drunk off his perch, and was snoring comfortably under a hedge—

while there were still hedges between Hammersmith and Kensington.

A little beyond the Upper Mall, but with its back to the water, is Hammersmith Terrace, a quiet, old-fashioned street, not without its memories. Here, for a time, lived Murphy, already referred to as buried in Hammersmith Church, and here, as his dedication to Burke shows, he translated Tacitus. Here, too, lived and died the marine painter Philip de Loutherbourg, who went mad about that queer impostor Brothers the prophet, and persuaded himself that he had the gift of healing, until the mob cured him by breaking his windows. Here, again, in our own day, lives one of the most learned of modern art critics, Mr. F. G. Stephens, of the 'Athenæum.'

As, turning slightly to the left, I come upon Chiswick Mall, and see once more the shining water with its long eyot or islet of osiers, my pilgrimage is drawing to a close. Wandering slowly down the rows of pretty old houses, with their small-paned windows and quaint iron gates, I look almost instinctively for that famous 'academy for young ladies,' at the door of which, in the first act of her checkered Odyssey, Miss Rebecca Sharp of 'Vanity Fair' flung Johnson's

'Dixonary' at poor good-natured Jemima Pinkerton. But, if I do not find this, I find something more important, and that is the house once occupied by Alexander Pope. It is No. 5 in a lime-fronted red-brick range, known now as Mawson's Row, but in Pope's day as 'y^e^ New Buildings, Chiswick.' Here, after he left Binfield, and before he settled finally at Twickenham, Pope lived quietly with his father and mother, translating Homer, quarrelling with Curll and Cibber, and writing Platonic notes to the blue-eyed Martha Blount. But, according to Carruthers, he was half ashamed of his Chiswick sojourn, 'as forming an undignified episode between Binfield and Twickenham,' and 'he omitted all reference to it in his printed letters.' Just beyond the turning out of the Mall which leads to Mawson's Row is the 'Red Lion,' at the door of which hangs an old whetstone, which, its inscription affirms, has 'sharpened tools on this spot about 1000 years' (the last '0' has a most suspicious look!); and then, after a glance at Barnes Bridge in the distance, I come suddenly upon Chiswick Church.

And O restoration, desecration, desolation! Chiswick Church, too, is being reconstructed. At Hammersmith the tower was gone, and the

church left; here the church is down, but the tower is standing. Hoardings shut off the major part of the graveyard, and the tea-caddy tomb of William Hogarth, now almost reached by the new-rising walls, is piously planked up from possible injury. Loutherbourg's monument, with its inordinate epitaph, is still visible at the back; but for the resting-places of Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, of the beautiful Lady Ranelagh, of Richard, Earl of Burlington, and his architect Kent, one must take the word of the guide-books. Even the curious stone in the churchyard wall, placed there by the first Lord Bedford, has, for the moment, disappeared. It will be doubtless replaced; but Chiswick churchyard will never be quite the same again.

Hogarth's tomb, however, naturally suggests Hogarth's house, and my steps lead me mechanically from the churchyard to Burlington Lane, and so past the 'Feathers Inn' and the crossways, to the well-worn, narrow gateway, flanked by its dingy urns. Here, it is true, there is no restoration going on, and a little judicious repair (not reconstruction) would be of advantage, for the aspect of the place is ruinous in the extreme. The picturesque old red-brick house is wofully dilapidated; the great overhanging wooden bay-

HOGARTH'S HOUSE AT CHISWICK.

window has a nodding, crazy look, and a jumble of pig-sties and rubbish encumber what, not so many years since, was a pretty, well-grown garden. The mulberry-tree, nevertheless, which dates from the painter's day, still drags on a maimed but healthy existence, and at this precise moment of time serves for picket to a lean horse which is cripp-cropping the scanty grass-plot at its base. If, like Tennyson's 'Talking Oak,' it could

> 'plagiarize a heart
> And answer with a voice,'

what would it not tell us! This scarred and blackened trunk, which spring, even now, is dressing with bright leaves, must have known William Hogarth in the flesh! It must have watched him scratching with a nail that homely mural tablet of Dick the bullfinch, which so mysteriously disappeared; it must have watched him playing ninepins in his filbert avenue, or strutting through the walks in the red roquelaure he wore at Leicester Fields. It must have been acquainted, also, with those friendly guests who filled up the three-cornered inclosure on sunny afternoons. Hither, no doubt, when the 'Epistle to William Hogarth' was yet unwritten, Mr. Charles Churchill would stroll with his pointers

from Acton, bringing as his companion, it may be, that squinting patriot, 'the heaven-born Wilkes.' Or, to go back somewhat earlier in time, Dr. Benjamin Hoadly of the 'Suspicious Husband' would ride up from Chelsea, or Dr. Ralph would look round to have a chat about the 'Analysis,' or worthy Justice Welch would make the dusty pilgrimage from Holborn. He it was who wrote that capital description of the 'March to Finchley,' in Christopher Smart's 'Student;' and he has just said good-bye to Fielding at Gravesend. He has little hope of seeing his old colleague again,—has honest Welch; and Mr. Ranby, Hogarth's neighbour and the King's Sergeant Surgeon, shakes his head in confirmation. The famous author of 'Amelia' has dropsy, and gout, and jaundice, and he is wasted to a shadow. When he was at Ealing, says Mr. Welch, the women were afraid to visit him, his aspect was so ghastly. But his heart is as brave as ever, and his cheerfulness is marvellous, and he is going to keep a journal of his voyage to Lisbon. So—as I fondly fancy—they sat and chatted, and puffed at their long pipes of Virginia, under the mulberry-tree in Hogarth's garden, 'when George was King.'

Turning down Hogarth Lane again, I almost

expect to meet the compact and springy little figure of Mr. David Garrick, coming to make one of the party. But I am speedily restored to the land of realities. There are notice-boards again among the apple-blossoms as I pass by the gate of Chiswick House into the lime-shaded Duke's Avenue. The suburban builder once more becomes rampant; and my walk is at an end.[1]

[1] Only a few verbal corrections have been made in this little imitation of Crofton Croker and Sir Richard Phillips, which first appeared in the 'Century Magazine' for June, 1886. But Time has made many alterations in the place of pilgrimage. A solid stone structure has taken the place of the picturesque old bridge at Putney; the 'Bishop's Walk' is a pleasure ground; the 'Nose Club' is a thing of the past; and No. 5, Mawson's Row, has been turned into a beer-shop. But the old whetstone still hangs at the door of the 'Red Lion,' and you shall still find Hogarth's Tomb and Hogarth's House. And Hogarth's House has fallen upon happier days! For it was piously restored by Mr. Alfred Dawson, its late owner, and its present possessor, Lieut.-Col. Shipway, has promised to preserve it from any further harm.

ON CERTAIN QUOTATIONS IN WALTON'S 'ANGLER.'

THE 'Compleat Angler,' says that accomplished fisherman and poet, the late Thomas Westwood,[1] 'is essentially a book to be loved, and to be discoursed of lovingly.' Speech censorious or pedantic of Izaak Walton would be as ungrateful as to speak pedantically or censoriously of that other revered author, Charles Lamb, under whose roof Mr. Westwood, as a small boy, first made acquaintance with what he terms 'England's one perfect Pastoral.' It was a battered copy of

[1] It seems but yesterday (1888) that Thomas Westwood died. The author of 'The Quest of the Sancgreall' deserves to be remembered (with Hawker of Morwenstow) by all good Arthurians, as the author of 'The Chronicle of the "Compleat Angler"' deserves to be remembered by all good fishermen. He was not at first included in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' but has now found due record in the Supplement.

Hawkins's issue of 1760, picked up among the rubbish of a marine store, and concerning which, shaded by an ancient apple-tree in the 'little overgrown orchard' at Enfield, St. Charles would hold forth to his young friend. Though not a fisherman, Lamb, as we know, loved his 'Angler.' 'It would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it,' he wrote to Coleridge; and Westwood tells us that the Enfield sitting-room was decorated by copies of Wale's designs to the book, which Emma Isola (Procter's 'Isola Bella whom the poets love') had executed for the delectation of her adopted father. Where are those precious relics now, and what would they fetch at Christie's!

But though it is pleasant to connect Lamb and Walton, our present concern is with Walton alone, and more especially with the unconventional method of quotation which he frequently adopts. An immediate example will be better than an exordium. In his opening chapter, he professes to reproduce a passage from Montaigne; and in his first edition of 1653, he gives its source in the margin of the page:—'The Lord Montagne in his Apol. [ogie] for Ra-[ymond] Sebond.' Here is the passage, as he finally revised and readjusted it at pp. 5, 6 of his fifth

impression of 1676. 'When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks (*as playing with a garter*) who knows but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes me? shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knowes but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless Cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pitties me for being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs and censures my follie, for making sport for her, when we too play together?' 'Thus freely speaks *Mountaigne* concerning Cats,'—says honest Izaak, concluding his quotation; but the freedom is not Montaigne's. For when we compare the original French (Didot's ed., 1859, p. 226), what we find is this:—'Quand ie me joue à ma chatte, qui sçait si elle passe son temps de moy, plus que ie ne fois d'elle? nous nous entretenons de singeries reciproques: si i'ay mon heure de commencer ou de refuser, aussi a elle la sienne.' In Florio's version of 1603, this is thus rendered, 'When I am playing with my Cat, who knowes whether she have more sport in dallying with me, than I have in gaming with her? We entertaine one another with mutual

apish trickes. If I have my houre to begin or to refuse, so hath she hers.' Now where did Walton get his version? Obviously he had seen Florio, witness the 'entertain each other with mutual apish tricks.' But there is no garter, either in the original or in 'Resolute John.' Unless, therefore, we are to suppose that Walton, like Lord St. Alban, garbled his quotations, we are reduced to the conclusion that he must have written from memory and expanded unconsciously. Yet he prints the passage in inverted commas, as if it were textual.[1]

Bacon not only garbled his quotations but he, too, misread Montaigne. 'Mountaigny saith prettily,' he writes in his Essay 'Of Truth,' whereas Montaigne expressly tells us that he is quoting '*un ancien*,'—as a matter of fact, Plutarch. Bacon's biographer, Dr. Rawley, extenuates the garbling, like the loyal biographer he was. 'If he [Bacon] had occasion to repeat another man's

[1] This passage in Montaigne seems also to have found its way into the vast drag-net of Butler:

> 'For 't has been held by many, that
> As *Montaigne* playing with his Cat,
> Complains she thought him but an Ass,
> Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*,' etc.
>
> HUDIBRAS, Part I., Canto i., ll. 37-40.

words after him, he had an use and faculty to dress them in better vestments and apparel than they had before: so that the author should find his own speech much amended and yet the substance of it still retained.' This may perhaps be the defence of our next citation from the 'Compleat Angler.' At the end of an Address 'to the Honest and Judicious Reader' in Francis Hickes's 'Select Dialogues of Lucian,' Oxford, 1634, 4to, is an epigram in Greek and English signed 'T. H.,' *i.e.*, Thomas Hickes, the translator's son and publisher. The English runs as follows, and is headed, 'LUCIAN upon his booke:'

> '*Lucian* well skill'd in old toyes this has writ:
> For all's but folly that men thinke is wit:
> No settled judgement doth in men appeare;
> But thou admirest that which others jeere.'

In Walton's first chapter, just after the Montaigne passage in the first edition, but preceding it in the fifth, he prints an epigram which he says is to be found 'fix'd before the Dialogues of *Lucian*.' 'I have taken a little pleasant pains [he continues] to make such a conversion of it as may make it the fitter for all of that Fraternity'[1] (*i.e.*, of Scoffers):

[1] This admission is omitted in the fifth edition of 1676.

> '*Lucian* well skill'd in *scoffing*, this hath writ
> Friend, that 's your folly which you think your wit :
> This you vent oft, void both of *wit* and *fear*,
> Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.'

That is to say, he has given it an entirely different turn. It may well be, however, that Walton's views of the sanctity of his text were less stringent than ours. A few pages further on he quotes from Herbert's 'Temple.' Out of the long poem entitled 'Providence' he takes verses 36, 8 and 7, and prints them in the order given, to make a 'sweet conclusion' to his discourse, altering a word at the beginning for the sake of symmetry. This is not much, for, in another place, in Chapter XVI., where he cannot remember, he improvises. In Piscator's song, 'Oh the gallant Fisher's life,' which, in the fifth edition, is attributed to Chalkhill, he makes the singer say that, 'having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of my own Invention, who am not excellent at Poetrie, as my part of the song may testifie.' He was more excellent than he knew, witness his 'composure' in Chapter V. of 'The Angler's Wish,' with its pretty reference to his second wife and his dog Bryan.

Let us turn now to Walton's treatment of Bacon, to whose 'Natural History' and 'History

of Life and Death' he makes several references. He says twice that Sir Francis Bacon (as he uniformly calls him) puts the age of a Salmon at not above ten years. Bacon, in his 'History of Life and Death' (Rawley's version), 1650, p. 11, s. 46, certainly says this of the '*Carp*, *Breame*, *Tench*, *Eele*, and the like,' but not of the Salmon. In his other references to the 'History of Life and Death,' however, Walton is practically accurate. But in a passage professing to come from the 'Natural History,' it is again necessary to cross-question his quotation. Speaking of water in Chapter V. he says that 'Sir Francis Bacon, in the Eighth Century of his "Naturall History,"' 'there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds by demonstrating it thus: "That if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water.' He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall, by a very long cable or rope, on a rock, or the sand, within the sea.' The raw material of this is undoubtedly to be found in Bacon's Eighth Century, Ex. 792 (which Walton gives in the margin); but to represent the statement so specifically cited, there is nothing save—

'If you dash a *Stone* against a *Stone* in the Bottome of the Water, it maketh a *Sound.*' Perhaps this informality of repetition is part of that unbraced 'picture of his disposition,'—to which he refers in his Address to the Reader,—'in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing.'

There is, of course, another, and a not unreasonable solution of these things, namely, that Walton may have obtained his information by word of mouth from friends who did not, and perhaps did not pretend to speak with absolute accuracy. In his first chapter he says distinctly that Piscator's 'philosophical discourse' is most of it derived from a recent conference with his friend, the famous anatomist and Gresham professor, Dr. Thomas Wharton; and in a subsequent chapter (the nineteenth) where he gives an account of a 'strange fish,' he introduces what he has to tell by admitting that he has 'been beholding' to his learned friend 'for many of the choicest observations that he has imparted' to his scholar. It is to be observed, too, in this instance, that though he apparently received his data orally, he prints the passage in italics, like a textual quotation. This system of instruction by conference would explain many things which otherwise are difficult

to understand, as, for example, the reference in Chapter I. to the 'Voyages' of Mendez Pinto, with their mention of 'a king and several priests a-fishing.' Those who take the trouble to look up Chapter LXXIX. of Henry Cogan's folio version of 1653, to which Walton's editors direct him, will discover with surprise that the only discernible passage on the subject is a detailed account of the baiting by the King of Bungo of a huge *Whale* which he has 'cooped up in a channel,' and that of clerical Brothers of the Angle there is never a word. It is clear that, if Major's reference be correct, Walton could not have seen his authority. When he has seen his authority, he is usually precise enough. For example, he had evidently consulted the 'Travels' of George Sandys, the translator of Ovid, for though he professes to quote from memory, he quotes accurately. He was also experimentally familiar with that curious old book, Dr. George Hakewill's 'Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World.' Printed for Robert Allott, at the Beare in Paules Churchyard, 1630. From Hakewill, who was Archdeacon of Surrey, and to whom Boswell gives the credit of helping to form the style of Johnson, Walton probably got

his information as to Macrobius and Varro, the Roman aviaries, the Roman fish-ponds, the serving-in of fish with music, the account from Seneca of the dying mullet, and the story of the lamprey that was mourned by Hortensius the orator,—although in this last case, Walton, while citing Hakewill as his authority, adds, after his fashion, a detail which Hakewill does not give, inasmuch as he says that Hortensius had kept the lamprey long. Another work to which Walton seems to have had actual access is the Rev. Edward Topsell's 'Historie of Fowre-footed Beasts,' 1607. From Topsell he takes much of his description of the Otter at the beginning of his second chapter, and his easy method of borrowing has apparently been the means of burdening the language with a needless word. Topsell writes (p. 574) of a 'kind of *Assa* called Benioyn,' the smell of which drives away the Otter. The fragrant resin or gum intended is obviously that obtained from the Styrax benzoin of Sumatra and Java, popularly known as 'benjamin.' But under Walton's transforming pen, it becomes the 'herb [?] *Benione*,' and Benione as an obsolete form of benzoin, forthwith takes its place in the New English Dictionary, with the sentence from the 'Compleat Angler' for its *pièce justificative*.

One more illustration of the Waltonian method. In the fifth chapter of his fifth edition, p. 110, he represents the 'devout Lessius' as saying—'That poor men, and those that fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than rich men and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat, and call for more: for by that means they rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men.' The Lessius referred to is Leonard Lessio or Lessius, sometime Professor of Divinity and Philosophy at the Jesuits' College of Louvain, whose 'Hygiasticon, seu vera Ratio Valetudinis bonæ et Vitæ' was published at Antwerp in 1613, a second edition following in 1614. In 1634 it was translated into English by Timothy Smith, with the sub-title, 'The right course of preserving Life and Health unto extream old Age;' and to Smith's version, as to the tract of Lessius, was added a rendering of Lewis Cornaro's 'Treatise of Temperance.' Lessius had made his own translation into Latin from Cornaro's Italian; Smith's English version was by George Herbert. It is probable that, as Walton's editors suppose, this tiny 12mo, issued from Cambridge in the same year as the 'Select Dialogues of Lucian' was issued at Oxford, must have been known to

Walton. As far as we can ascertain, however, neither in Lessius nor Cornaro is there any passage corresponding to the above, although it may fairly be described as an inference from the teaching of both. And it is in italic type, just like Wharton's description, already mentioned, of the 'strange fish.'

It would no doubt be easy to give further specimens of Walton's treatment of Sylvester's Du Bartas, of Peter Heylin, of Dubravius, Méric Casaubon, Cardanus, Paulus Jovius, and the rest of the worthies whose 'highly respectable names' add weight to his pages. But what has been noted will suffice. The scantlings of learning with which he sought to dignify his book are no essential part of it; and this desultory inquiry has certainly not been undertaken in the spirit or the interest of those 'severe, sowr complexioned' critics whom Walton, in his Address to the Reader, disallows to be competent judges of his performance. What we want most, no less, from this delightful author, is himself, not the 'scattered sapience' derived at second hand and superficially from Dr. Wharton of Gresham College, or Dr. Sheldon of All Souls, but the 'right,' neat, and unsophisticated Walton who 'babbles of green fields,' gossips of the haycocks and the soft May-

rain, or copies down the ditty that *Maudlin* the milkmaid 'sung last night, when young *Corydon* the Shepherd plaid so purely on his *oaten pipe* to her and her cozen Betty.' It is this Walton we desire,—the Walton of the cheerful spirit and the plain morality,—of the frank old words that smell of the soil and the fresh-turned furrows. Rondeletius and Salvian and Aldrovandus and Gasper Peucerus no doubt served to astonish and impress 'honest Nat. and R. Roe' while they waited in the parlour of the Thatched House at Hoddesdon or the George at Ware, for the twenty-two inch trout whose belly, when taken, was 'part of it as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lilly.' But we—we prefer to sit with Father Izaak outside in the sweetbriar Arbour, discussing a bottle of the '*Sack*, *Milk*, *Oranges* and *Sugar*, which all put together, make a drink like *Nectar*;' or to hear him repeat—possibly with variations of his own—some sample of choicely good Verses made by that excellent Poet, and Lover of *Angling* (now with God), Sir Henry Wotton, once Provost of Eton College.

'VADER CATS.'

TO an uninstructed reader the homely name that heads this paper does not, of itself, suggest any special distinction. When we are informed that Jacob Cats was a native of Holland, our first impression is of some typical Dutchman, squat-figured and stolid, preoccupied with tulips and a pipe. If it be added that he wrote verses, speculation goes no farther than to conceive a minstrel of the type of Longfellow's 'Cobbler of Hagenau,' chirruping his songs at his work bench, and having ever

> 'at his side,
> Among his leathers and his tools,
> Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools,
> Or Eulenspiegel, open wide.'

Each of these forecasts, however, is equally at fault. As a Dutchman, Jacob Cats was one of the prominent men of his age. He had gained honour as a Greek Scholar at Leyden University;

he had travelled in France and England, visiting both Oxford and Cambridge. He was an accomplished jurist; and though—as some authorities allege—he had but little success as a politician, he was, at all events, a great civic dignitary in the great days of the Netherlands, holding important office as a magistrate at Middleburgh and Dordrecht, and ultimately proceeding Grand Pensionary of Holland. He was twice Ambassador to England, being knighted on the first occasion by Charles I. When finally, at the age of seventy-two, he obtained the permission of the States to retire into private life at his country-seat of Sorgh-vliet—his 'Sans-Souci' or 'Castle-Careless'—on the Scheveningen Road, it was as a man who on the whole had deserved well of his generation, and might fairly be permitted to 'cultivate his garden,' and write his 'Reminiscences.'

But if he acquired a reputation as a citizen, he earned a still greater reputation as a poet. He was a contemporary of Hooft and Vondel, and that delightful Tesselschade Visscher, of whom Mr. Edmund Gosse has given us so pleasant a portrait;[1] and he was probably the most popular

[1] 'Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe,' 1879, pp. 230-277.

of the four. By his readers he was affectionately styled 'Vader Cats;' and his collected works in familiar moments were known as the 'Household Bible.' His big folio was to be found by poor men's hearths, and in the windows of the rich—even as Baker's 'Chronicle' lay in the window of Sir Roger de Coverley. When now we open the vast volume (*i.e.*, Jan Jacobz Schipper's Amsterdam edition of 1655), its bulk appals us. It is a book to be approached only from the side of dimension. Like Shakespeare's fat knight, it measures so much about. Not to lay stress on the blackness of the type, which is in itself portentous, it is printed in two columns,—sometimes even in three. Turning the tall pages timidly, you become conscious, in addition to a Babel of proverbs and emblems in all languages, of a long didactic poem on 'Marriage' (*Houwelick*), which traces that institution, with abundant illustration, from maidenhood to widowhood. Then of another, and a still longer effort, entitled 'Nuptial Ring' (*Trou-ringh*), wherein it is treated, among other things, of Crates and Hipparchia, of Adam and Eve, of Masinissa and Sophonisba, of Eginhard and the daughter of Charlemagne, of Jacob and Rachel. (Jacob, it may be noted in parenthesis, has apparently been educated in

France, for in the picture he has carved 'la belle Rachell' upon a tree-trunk, and written under it 'Vive l'Amour'). Then there is a 'pastoral romance' of 'Galatea;' a poem on 'Country-Life' (*Buytenleven*), in the frontispiece of which is a view of Sorgh-vliet, and towards the end of the book, another series of poems called invitingly 'Coffins for the Living' (*Doodt-Kiste voor de Levendige*). These are only part of the contents. Beside and between them are numerous other pieces, accompanied like the rest by prefaces and sub-prefaces, by appendices, excursuses, commentaries, head-notes, shoulder-notes, side-notes, foot-notes, postscripts, and addresses to the *Lector benignus* ('*goetgunstige Leser*') which hedge them in on all sides. Poetry, with our Dutch poet, is not by any means a trickling rill from Helicon; it is an inundation *à la mode du pays*,—a flood in a flat land, covering everything far and near with its sluggish waters.

To this immoderate and incontinent effusiveness is probably to be attributed the fact that, notwithstanding their excellent precepts and praiseworthy morality, the verses of Jacob Cats do not seem to have largely attracted the translator. Report, indeed, affirms that his entire works have been 'done into German;' but this would be of

little service to the ordinary English reader. The French, on the other hand, have contented themselves with an imitation of the short piece entitled 'Children's Games' (*Kinder-Spel*). In our own country, multifarious old Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, paraphrased the first part of *Houwelick* under the title of 'An Emblematicall Dialogue, interpreted from the excellent and most learned *D. Jac. Catzius;* which showeth how Virgins in their chaste loves ought to bear themselves.' And as late as 1860 many of the emblems and proverbs were translated by Richard Pigot to accompany the 'freely-rendered' cuts of John Leighton. But our concern here is less with the text than with the old copper-plates which originally accompanied it, and which, fortunately for us, speak a universal language.

These, printed in the body of the page, are generally uniform in size, and surrounded by a conventional border. Many of them bear the initials or names of such well-known engravers as Hondius, the two Mathams, and Crispin van Queborn. But the main interest centres in the chief designer, Adrian van der Venne, a painter of considerable ability, and noted especially for the prodigious canvases on which, like the Frenchman Lebrun, he depicted the battles of the seven-

teenth century. After drifting to and fro, he seems to have settled at Middleburgh, where Cats also resided from 1602 to 1620. His brother, Jan Pietersz van der Venne, was a bookseller and publisher of the town, and for him he executed numberless book-illustrations in addition to those now under consideration. He is said also to have possessed no mean literary talent, and to have tried his hand at satire. It is probably a natural consequence of his way of work that he should reproduce his environment; and many views and memories of the capital of Zeeland and the surrounding country are traceable in his compositions. Perhaps the most interesting of these is to be found in the large head-piece to the above-mentioned 'Children's Games,' the background of which exhibits the great square of Middleburgh, with its old Gothic houses and central clump of trees. This is, moreover, as delightful a picture as any in the gallery. Down the middle of the foreground, which is filled by a crowd of figures, advances a regiment of little Dutchmen, marching to drum and fife, and led by a fire-eating captain of fifteen. Around this central group are dispersed knots of children, playing leap-frog, flying kites, blowing bubbles, whipping tops, walking on stilts, skipping and

the like. In one corner the boys are busy with blind man's buff; in the other the girls, with their stiff head-dresses and vandyked aprons, are occupied with their dolls. Under the pump some seventeenth century equivalent for chuck-farthing seems to be going on vigorously; and, not to be behindhand in the fun, two little fellows in the distance are standing upon their heads. The whole composition is full of life and movement, and—so conservative is childhood—might, but for the costume and scene, represent a playground of to-day. No doubt it represented, with far closer fidelity, the playground of the artist's time.

It is this note of literalness—this truth to what lay nearest—that constitutes the chief charm of these illustrations. Many of those to the 'Emblems' are quaint with that inventive strangeness and naïve ingenuity which have a fascination apart from technical merit. But, as a rule, the artist is strongest in what he has seen. His lions are more or less heraldic; his crocodiles are badly stuffed; his salamanders of doubtful actuality. There is no such faltering when he shows us a hammer striking a flint on a cushion, or a pair of snuffers cropping a candle, or the interior of a blacksmith's shop. What applies to

the still-life applies equally to the figures. When the subject is a tailor sitting cross-legged in his stall, or a woman warming her feet and gazing into the embers, there is no doubt of the reality of the studies. Some of them, indeed, are finished works in *genre*.

What would one not give for such an illustrated copy of Shakespeare! In these pages of Jacob Cats we have the authentic Holland of the seventeenth century:—its vanes and spires and steep-roofed houses; its gardens with their geometric tulip-beds, their formally-clipped alleys and arches, their shining parallelograms of water. Here are its old-fashioned interiors, with the deep fireplaces and queer andirons, the huge four-posters, the prim portraits on the wall, the great brass-clamped coffers and carved *armoires* for the ruffs and starched collars and stiff farthingales of the women. In one picture you may see the careful housewife mournfully inspecting a moth-eaten garment which she has just taken from a chest that Wardour Street might envy; in another she is energetically cuffing the ‘ foolish fat scullion,’ who has let the spotted Dalmatian coach-dog overturn the cauldron at the fire. Here an old crone, with her spectacles on, is cautiously probing the contents of the said cauldron with a fork; here

the mistress of the house is peeling pears; here the plump and soft-hearted cheese-wife is entertaining an admirer. Outside there are pictures as vivid. Here are the clumsy leather-topped coach with its masked occupant and stumbling horses; the towed *trekschuit*, with its merry freight, sliding swiftly through the low-lying landscape; the windy mole, stretching seaward, with its blown and flaring beacon-fire. Here again in the street is the toy-shop with its open front and store of mimic drums and halberds for the martial little burghers; here are the fruiteress with her stall of grapes and melons, the rat-catcher with his string of trophies, the fowler and his clap-net, the furrier with his stock of skins. Many of the designs have also that additional interest which is universal as well as local. Such is the one to the proverb, 'Between two stools one comes to the ground,' or, as Cats has it 'Nemo potest Thetidem simul et Galatean amare.' The luckless Philander of the story has been trying to solve the problem, but without success. He has been flirting among the sand-hills with Thetis, who has her fish upon her head in 'ocean-smelling osier;' and now Galatea the milkmaid has come suddenly upon them in a hat which looks like an inverted basin with a tuft:

and he will probably experience what is high-Dutch for a *mauvais quart d'heure*. Another illustrates as pertinently the adage, 'It is ill hunting with unwilling hounds,' although the dogs are but a detail in the landscape, and the real moral is pointed by erring humanity. 'Griet,' poor soul, shamefaced and ill at ease, stands awkwardly by the door-settle, looking away from the other actors in the drama, apparently her suitor and his father. By the purse in her hand we must conclude she is rich; by a certain constraint in her carriage we may perhaps also infer that she is not so well-born as her intended. It is, in fact, a Batavian 'marriage *à la mode*' that is in progress, if such a word may be employed where nothing is progressing. For if the lady is simply passive, the gentleman, whose name is Claes, is violently demonstrative. He resists all efforts of his senior to bring him to the point—gesticulates wildly, and digs his right heel doggedly in the ground. He will none of her, nor all her 'brooches, pearls and owches,'—her gear and household stuff,—her rents and her comings-in.

The round cap and collar of the female figure in this picture, the short skirt with its rigid folds and dark border, the puffed shoulder-pieces and long chatelaine, remind us of one characteristic

of these designs which might be anticipated in so observant an artist, but which not the less deserves especial mention. This is the excellence and variety of the costume. And it is not only the peasants and fish-women whose dress is faithfully reproduced, but that of the better classes is as scrupulously delineated. It would take a chapter to describe the wonderful swaggering cavaliers, with their long-plumed hats and slashed jerkins, their endless tags and aiglets and rosettes; or the sumptuous ladies with their broidered sleeves, and purfled stomachers, and monumental ruffs. The design inscribed 'Amor, ut pila, vices exigit,' which may be roughly Englished by 'Love asks return,' is an example of this, which is as good as any. In a trim garden, with symmetrically-clipped trees and hedges, a gentleman and a lady are playing at battledore and shuttlecock. The former, whose right foot is neatly turned out after the most approved fashion, so as to show the inside of his calf, has just delivered his blow; the latter leaps lightly to return it with as much agility as may be consistent with good manners and a buckramed state attire.

There is a certain grim side to these Batavian moralities which is not without its significance. Through the whole series it peeps out here and

there; but it is more plainly manifest in the later works, when we must suppose old age to be stealing upon the writer, and busying his thoughts with sombre images of mortality and decay. The illustration to one of these—a full-page plate—is certainly a most gruesome allegory of life. A man is seen scaling an apple-tree, which clings with snake-like roots to the side of a burning pit or well, inhabited by a fearsome and ravening dragon. About the brim of the pit a restless bear runs backwards and forwards, eager for its prey; but rats are gnawing busily at the tree-trunk, and by and by the tree, climber and all, will topple crashing in the flames. Another composition—the frontispiece to 'Coffins for the Living'—takes up two pages, and is even more impressive. The scene is a kind of cemetery with magnificent sepulchral monuments, wherefrom the covers have been lifted so as to exhibit their mouldering tenants. To the right a party of richly-clad Orientals are gazing curiously at a crowned skeleton:—'Where are the riches of Crœsus?' On the opposite side of the picture, a personage resembling an Eastern Mage, and a beautiful and majestic woman—perhaps the Queen of Sheba—bend wonderingly over a second tomb:—'Where is the wisdom of

Solomon?' Here it is a group of soldiers that is attracted; there a knot of heroes. But the main interest centres in front of a lofty canopy, the sable curtains of which are drawn aside by grinning anatomies, discovering a figure more pitiful than any in its forlorn and fleshless impotence:—'Where is the beauty of Helen?' 'Was *this* the face that launch'd a thousand ships, And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?' Surely a fruitful theme for the gray-haired sage of Sorgh-vliet, when the blast whistled keener through his wind-stripped espaliers, and the dead leaves gathered at the garden borders!

And here we close the great folio. But what a picture-book it must have been in the days when picture-books were fewer! One can imagine the "clunch" Dutch children poring over it, much as Charles Lamb pored over the queer illustrations in Stackhouse's 'History of the Bible.' One can even fancy that their minds took a certain haunting after-colour or savour from this early study, like the jar which, as Horace says, remembers its first wine. That the volume is a favourite with the distinguished Dutch artist, now naturalised among us, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, is, perhaps, not remarkable; nor is it remarkable that (as Mr. Wood Warter relates) it

should have attracted the wandering and omnivorous appetite of Southey. But it is surely of special interest that it was among the first art-treasures of Reynolds, who loved it as a boy, and many of whose sketches—'done by Joshua out of pure idleness'—were copied from the gallery of 'Vader Cats.'

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